

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

Vol. LV.

MARCH, 1860.

No. 3.

THE PRINCE OF PICKPOCKETS.

THE other day some body gravely informed the writer hereof that he had seen on exhibition at Barnum's Museum, in this city, the skull of General Washington when he (G. W.) was a boy!

This privileged person could not have been more surprised than was the writer recently on seeing the authentic portrait of Cartouche, photographed from a wax cast made of that famous robber's face two days before he was broken on the wheel.

We naturally expect a robber's face to express either positive fierceness or great determination. In Cartouche's physiognomy we discover neither.

Those of us who have in furtive moments of our boyhood perused the fascinating history of Mr. Jack Sheppard, have there learned that to be a great robber a man need not necessarily be a big one. Mr. Sheppard was by no means a large person, (on the stage he is always impersonated by a woman,) and M. Cartouche, we are told, stood less than five feet in his stockings. But then the square head, low brows, and cropped hair of the former personage gave him a look unmistakably thievish; whereas, Cartouche, in his portrait, appears more like an old essayist or divine than the king of French robbers. His brow is broad and lofty, and furrowed with thoughtful wrinkles, (he was executed at the age of twenty-eight!) His eyes are not especially brilliant; his nose is long and slanting downward; his lips are rather thick, and his mouth itself expresses no great degree of firmness. The skin is that of a little, dried-up, leathery man. The whole appearance of his face is meditative. His head is surmounted by a nondescript cap, like that in which the poet Cowper is generally represented, and from beneath it struggle a few thin, black hairs. The loose and flowing garment that is thrown over his shoulders sustains his resemblance to the character to which we first likened him.

In short, a more amiable assassin than the Cartouche of this picture we never looked upon. He is not at all like his traditionary representative at the Opera Comique, or in the sanguinary melodrama of the

Porte Saint Martin, where a great, strapping fellow, with bovine lungs, invariably plays the part of the robber-hero.

These legendary cobwebs concerning the personal prowess of Cartouche, and the many anachronisms set down by his previous biographers, have all been swept away by M. Barthélemy Maurice, who labored hard for six months among the archives of the Paris libraries to sift out the true from the false in the numerous so-called 'Lives of Cartouche,' and brought away with him, as the result of that research, a very interesting and reliable history of the famous robber.

Cartouche must not alone be looked upon as a robber; unconsciously, he was more than that. He was the personification of a country and of an epoch. In those days, the corrupt upper grades of society had their horrible counterparts in the lower classes. Cartouche was the representative man among these democrats who would have imitated, if possible, the scandalous debauches of the nobility. The scaffold of the Count de Horn elbows and explains the scaffold of Cartouche. Your ordinary thief may exist at all times and in any country. Cartouche, as he really lived and reigned for four years, could only have been in Paris, and during the Regency.

It is a curious fact that this little cut-down man, illiterate to the last degree, being unable either to read or write, should command for four whole years, not in Paris only, but in all France, a regularly organized band of two thousand men, many of whom had received a more than ordinary education.

But if Cartouche never abode within the classic precincts of a college, he was, at all events, a pupil of high standing in another school, that of the gypsies. He was a capital hand at the sword, the stick, and the pistol; could twist his body or his face into whatever shape he pleased; danced on the rope, and threw somersets backward and forward, and could perform the feat called in France '*faire la roue*,' in America 'turn the cart-wheel.' We need not mention his talents at legerdemain; in his profession, that is an indispensability. If the stair-case did not look quite safe, he went up or down by the chimney with incredible rapidity. It was a matter of common occurrence with him to jump from the roof of one house to that of another, and the houses were not always contiguous, reader, but sometimes on opposite sides of the street.

Though small, thin, and puny in appearance, he was in reality of robust health. He could eat as much as any two men, and drink as much as four, without ever being intoxicated, as long as he was chief of the band, to say nothing of the immense amount of love-making he accomplished in his spare moments.

He so thoroughly eclipsed all other French robbers, that not one of their names has come down to us. Others there were, it is true, but

their celebrity is local or limited to a certain number of years. The name of Cartouche alone remains. It is now one hundred and thirty-eight years since this man was executed, and yet to the children and country-people in France his history seems as an occurrence of yesterday.

The renown of Cartouche has indeed reached us, but were it not for M. Maurice's book, we should know nothing of the deeds which have procured for him that honor. Not for want of books about the great robber would this be, but that none of these purported 'Lives' are reliable. They are more or less copied from each other, and may all be referred to one, the first, which appeared a few days after Cartouche's death, and gave at the time considerable trouble to the police. During the five following years, that is to say, as long as the trial of his accomplices lasted, people were continually being arrested for the offence of reading 'The Life of Cartouche;' among others, one Rousselot, a hawker, was taken in the great hall of the Palace of Justice. Although the Court had but just opened, he had already disposed of forty-two copies at ten sous each, while they only cost him three; not a bad trade, but attended with certain inconveniences. The police had discovered that this literary *chef d'œuvre*—in which there was a struggle for precedence between nonsense, bad grammar, and worse spelling—was more likely to create new thieves than to convert the old ones.

The book, however, is the greatest success ever known among the publishing fraternity. With the exception of the *Catechisme* and the *Paroissien*, never was a book so often reprinted, and in such formidable editions. It has certainly been more widely circulated than 'Paul and Virginia,' than the 'Fables' of La Fontaine, or the 'Poems' of Boileau. It would not be overstepping the mark to estimate that it has reached forty thousand editions from 1721 up to the present day. Then, too, it has been translated into every European language. 'The History of the Life and Trial of Cartouche,' is as sure to be found on the shelf of every rustic in France as his favorite almanac. Like the almanac, custom requires that it be printed on wretched paper, with the worn-out type known in France as *têtes de clous*, or nail-heads, and the one traditional wood-engraving portraying Cartouche in a three-cocked hat, with a pig-tail and a gushing shirt-frill, holding three watches in his left hand and a pistol in his right. An edition of either of these literary master-pieces on white paper, with steel engravings and new type, would be regarded with suspicion by the public, and probably turn out a bad speculation to the publisher.

Louis Dominique Cartouche was born in Paris, or, more correctly speaking, at the gates of Paris, in 1693. Cartouche was the eldest son of a poor cooper, who occupied a very small shop. He had two

brothers and one sister. The brothers' names were Louis, nicknamed Louison, and Francois; the sister's, Marie Antoinette. Louis was hanged on the thirtieth of July, 1722. Francois and his sister were imprisoned in the General House of Correction, and probably died there, if they were not shipped by the government to the colonies, as was the custom at that time. Louis Dominique, the greatest rascal of them all, came to an untimely end in November, 1721. So was the illustrious name of Cartouche blotted out forever.

Up the age of ten or twelve, young Cartouche ran the streets with the other boys, and showed no symptoms of the great genius for thieving that lay undeveloped within him. At last his father determined to put him to a trade, his own. But this did not coincide with the ideas of our future bandit; at the slightest pretext he deserted the work-shop and wandered off about the streets and in the suburbs of Paris. One day he went out for a frolic to the fair of Saint Laurent. Fearing the reception that awaited him in the paternal mansion, he resolved to pass the night in a hay-field. Here he stumbled upon a camp of gipsies, and partly through inclination, partly from pressing, joined their band.

This circumstance decided his after-career. He remained four or five years in this promising school, became an excellent acrobat, learned all sorts of feats, requiring skill and agility, and contracted the eccentric habit of regarding every thing as his own that he could lay his hands on.

At last the gipsies were compelled to emigrate precipitately, and Cartouche, who was lying sick in the hospital of a cutaneous disease, was left behind. They probably thought that their pupil would never recover, and indeed were not much out of the way in their calculations, for in those days, when a man once entered a Paris hospital, he seldom came out, except by way of the dissecting-room.

But such was not to be the destiny of our hero. He was discharged from the hospital almost entirely cured, but without money, help, or friends. One thing alone he had — an empty stomach. Not a very valuable piece of property in such circumstances. An aruncular providence was hovering over him, however; before he had quite starved to death he was picked up by a kind-hearted uncle and taken back to his father's house. The prodigal son was received with open arms. In honor of his unexpected return the fatted calf was killed, in the shape of a lusty goose, which was duly stuffed with chestnuts.

Cartouche went back to coopering, and led a life of comparative innocence for eighteen months. He was not only a good workman, but a very merry one. He told the most amusing stories, sang gypsy songs, did little tricks of dexterity and legerdemain, in short, became the pride of the family and the most agreeable fellow about the neighborhood.

This state of things might have gone on for some time, had not Cartouche become inspired with an unhappy passion for a pretty seamstress in the same street, who had a decided weakness for little presents. To satisfy the growing demands of the adored one, Cartouche made forced loans on his father's cash-box, but this not sufficing, turned to account the lessons of his gipsy professors, and drew largely upon the pockets of the passers-by. His dear papa, observing that the longer and more frequently he absented himself from the shop, the more finely he was dressed and the more plentifully he was supplied with cash, began to suspect that something was wrong. Being an honest man himself, and wishing to preserve the honor of the family, he obtained an 'order of the King,' otherwise called a *lettre da cachet*, for the admission of his son in the Convent of the Lazarists of the Faubourg Saint Denis. But Cartouche suspected the paternal intention, and making up his clothes into a small bundle, ran away from home, never again to return.

This was a decided step. Cartouche had crossed the Rubicon. He also crossed the Seine, took lodgings in a low tavern near the Cité, and earned his bread by the lightness of his fingers. In other words, he picked pockets for a living. Occupied by the cares and anxieties of his profession, he soon forgot the exigent seamstress.

Cartouche excelled in picking pockets. The slightness of his form and the delicacy of his hand, which was like a child's, were of the greatest possible assistance to him.

One evening that, in a crowd, he had just 'lifted' a magnificent silver snuff-box, an individual of lofty stature but unprepossessing countenance, walked up to him at the corner of the first street, with the stereotyped phrase: 'Your money or your life!'

'My money?' said Cartouche, whipping out his sword and placing himself *en garde* with the quickness and aplomb of a perfect master of fence, 'my money hangs at the tip of my sword.'

'There! there! not so fast! Put up your sword, I beg of you. I only wanted to try you. I see that you are as quick as you are brave. Give us your hand, and let us be friends.' And the tall stranger held out a hand that Cartouche appeared in no hurry to take, excess of confidence having never been one of his sins.

'Ah! very well! I see how it is,' continued the other; 'you mistrust me. I saw you at work, and on my honor, you are a promising fellow. May I never be hung but you will make your mark, young man! It is only fair that you should, in turn, see me at work and get some idea of my abilities. Let us go back to the crowd.'

Two minutes after, the robber returned, bringing with him a purse of fifty louis, which he had extracted from the pocket of the Superior of the Dominicans while begging a blessing. 'There,' said he, taking

Cartouche's arm, who made no objection this time, 'we have worked enough for to-day; come home with me and we'll divide this trifle; supper is waiting, and I am very regular at my meals.'

He conducted him to World's-End Street, Rue Bont-du-Monde which is now Rue Saint-Sauveur, took him through a dark alley, then up four flights of stairs, and finally ushered him into a room which might have been taken for a store-room, so completely was it crammed with diverse merchandise, for none of which had cash been paid any more than for the viands and potables on the table, *dapes inemptas*, where, waiting to do the honors, were seated two young beauties, both sisters, whose conversation was not less spicy than their eyes were bold.

At the dessert of this virtuous repast, Galichon, that was the name of Cartouche's host, proposed to the latter to take the place of his deceased partner, who had succumbed to a little temporary suspension, and marry the younger of the sisters on the spot. The elder was Galichon's own wife *pour le quart d'heure*, as he facetiously limited the conjugal relation. Cartouche agreed, and his nuptials with the younger and lovelier were soon consummated.

This partnership lasted six whole months, being only troubled by those little difficulties that will occur in the best regulated-families, but at the end of that time came to a premature end. Galichon was elected to the honor of serving his king in the galleys for the term of his natural life, and at the same time, accommodations gratis were proffered his wife and his sister-in-law at the Hôpital.

His second family thus dispersed, our hero cast about him for some less brutal and hazardous mode of life. He now turned his attention to card-playing, frequented the lowest gambling-houses, and was considered the luckiest player in Paris, until discovered to be the greatest cheat.

Thrown again upon his resources, for he could no longer obtain admission into even the vilest dens of Paris, he adopted the trade of recruiter for the army. On a certain day, when he had engaged to furnish five recruits to a certain sergeant, he could only get together four. The sergeant, instead of making a fuss about the matter, invited his ally to supper. The table was amply provided with solids and fluids. Our hero partook freely, too freely perhaps, for the next morning he woke up with his hands and feet tied, and was greeted with the far from cheering intelligence that he was himself a soldier. He would not deny that he had drunk the king's health over night; beside, he had ten crowns in his pocket, something which had not happened to him for a long time. The recruiter was recruited. He declared that the trick had been well done, and marched gayly to the wars in Flanders.

Cartouche might have made a very good soldier if the war had lasted longer. When peace was concluded, he returned to Paris, bringing with him the nucleus of that troop which was to prove so formidable that the French Government were to vainly spend sixty thousand francs a month for two years in order to capture its leader. As the band grew larger, Cartouche organized it and gave it rules which resemble to a certain degree those of the Carbonari. He himself was at first only known to twenty or so of his lieutenants, who gave him the name of *L'Enfant*, a name by which his mistresses and friends alluded to him after that of 'Cartouche,' revealed by, or rather wrung from some tortured wretch at the commencement of 1720, had become dangerously celebrated. There were different degrees of initiation into this troop, a pass-word changed daily, and places of meeting and safety provided in all parts of the city and suburbs. The troop numbered at least two thousand members. After Cartouche's arrest three hundred and sixty-six of these were tried; at the same time, more than a hundred and fifty officers and privates of the regiment of the Gardes Françaises alone, who did not feel very clear in their consciences, left Paris and hid themselves in other regiments, or voluntarily emigrated to the colonies.

The initiated were sworn to sacrifice their lives, if necessary, to prevent their chief from being arrested, or to rescue him if taken. The booty was divided according to rank or to the dangers that each one had run. But more extraordinary than all, Cartouche was recognized as the master, the king of all the robbers in Paris, and levied a tribute even upon those who did not belong to his band. When he met any of these latter at night, he took away half, sometimes all of of their booty. Paris belonged to him; no one had a right to rob the Parisians without his permission. He even pushed his precautionary measures so far as to acquaint his men with four surgeons attached to the troop in whose shops they could go to have a wound dressed after an affair with the police, and even find a bed if it were needed.

Tavern-keepers, spies, informers, receivers, and peddlers were counted as non-combatants. The business of these latter was to sell about the country things that had been stolen in Paris, and Cartouche often trusted them with six or eight thousand francs' worth of property in this way. A lock-smith, a gun-smith, and a melter-down of gold and silver were also attached to the troop. Lastly, though not leastly original, Cartouche had a beast of burden, for so we may surely call a stupid brute, one Simon l'Auvergnat, who for four years seems to have fulfilled no other functions than those of the base of a column. To explain: One of the principal resources of the gang was to enter apartments situated on the first story, by either taking advantage of an open window or cutting the glass with a diamond, introducing the

hand and springing the window-fastener. In either case, they whistled for Simon l'Auvergnat, who came swinging heavily along, bent his broad shoulders toward the wall, and presented what in leap-frog we call a 'back.' One, two, and sometimes three men climbed up, forming a human pyramid. Once thoroughly settled, Simon was as firm as a rock and so remained, not budging an inch, for any length of time required. These nocturnal visits came to be so common that the good Parisians were nearly frightened out of their lives; even the bravest slept with one eye open. Locksmiths were called into requisition to secure the windows with iron gratings. The Cartouchians did not retire from the business on that account; they merely changed their plans a little. As they could no longer get in at the window, they thrust in long poles armed with hooks, and began to fish about among the furniture, and even on the beds, for coats, vests, breeches, gowns, and petti—skirts. Sometimes even, when they tried to draw the bed-clothes toward them, they dug their hook into the flesh of the sleeper, who would utter the most agonizing cries, while those outside responded by shouts of diabolical laughter.

When at last Simon l'Auvergnat was brought to justice, he maintained with pig-headed obstinacy that he never had an idea that he was in league with a band of robbers; he imagined that he was engaged by a parcel of gay young blades, who paid him fifty sous per night for aiding them to see what was going on in other people's bedrooms. It is a question whether or not he was in earnest in what he said; we should hope so, in any case, so that the world may now definitively settle upon its stupidest man. Nevertheless, if he did not entirely convince his judges, he left some doubt on their minds, and while so many others were hanged or broken on the wheel, he escaped with nine years at the galleys.

While one division of the troop scaled the windows, another devoted itself to attacking belated pedestrians, whom they first stunned with a blow from a loaded cane, or a flail, on the back of the neck, and then rifled their pockets at leisure. Very rarely did their victims have time to call for help; when such a thing by accident happened, the robbers were not particularly alarmed. They knew by experience that the watchmen had sufficient regard for their own precious necks to walk off in a direction opposite to that in which their assistance was required.

Cartouche, personally, was extremely polite to those he robbed, and he forbade his men from killing or even wounding their victims needlessly. It was one of his maxims that the same man should not be robbed twice in one night, nor be too roughly treated, for fear the Parisians should stop coming out after dark.

Space fails us to recount the many audacities of the gang; how the

jewels of the Spanish Ambassador's wife were clean carried off one night from her bed-room ; how, at the introduction of cut-steel ornaments instead of gold, Cartouche stole the Regent's sword at the opera, broke it into fragments, and sent it to him next morning with a sarcastic note, reproaching him for his avarice ; how the Chief made himself the instructor of his band and set up a Thieves' Institute, where the pupils were taught to empty the pockets of a dressed mannikin internally hung with bells, without making one of them ring, (some arrived at such proficiency that they buttoned and unbuttoned the mannikin's coat, and entirely undressed him without the bells betraying it !) lastly, how for a time the band was fabulously rich in the shares of Law's Mississippi scheme, of which they relieved the shareholders' pockets. We must leave these details, with many others over which we would fain linger, to give place to the story of the supper to which Cartouche invited himself at the house of a lady high in rank.

It was in July, 1721 ; Madame la Maréchale de Boufflers had left her window open on account of the heat, and was busied making her night-toilet, when suddenly, before she had heard the slightest noise, she saw a young man, dressed in the height of fashion, step over her balcony and jump in at the window, for all the world like a clandestine lover at the Opera-Comique. At first the great lady was deceived by the appearance of her visitor.

'Monsieur, what is the meaning of this unwarrantable intrusion ? I do not know you.'

'A thousand pardons, Madame la Maréchale ; I am sure that you know me — by reputation at least. You see before you Louis Dominique Cartouche ; you will excuse me, will you not, from going any further into particulars ? And now attention, not a word, not a motion ! I have come alone, but your hotel is surrounded on all sides. However, fear nothing ; I have not come to your house with evil intentions. I only wish to be indebted to you for two favors, a good supper and the pleasure of sleeping in a good bed, a pleasure which has been long denied me. There, do n't be alarmed. You are a woman of sense ; grant this little request, and I give you my word of honor that I shall respect —' Seeing the lady's fears quieted, he added : 'It's agreed, is it not ? You are an angel ; beside, you see these,' and opening his coat, he showed her half-a-dozen English pistols ; 'do not oblige me to use them. I will conceal myself behind this curtain ; order some supper, and tell your femme de chambre to go and sleep wherever she sees fit. Her bed is in this cabinet ; I know your house better than the man who built it ; I promise to be quite contented with that little bed. As I have said before, I want a good night's rest above all things. Come, the sooner the better ; remember that I am waiting behind the curtain.'

The Maréchale rang the bell; the lackeys brought a handsome repast, and retired in some astonishment at their mistress's unwonted appetite. Mlle. Lustine did not appear surprised at all when she received permission to pass the night out. She was *affiliée* — enrolled in the gang — and went off to find at the corner of the street, her lover Belle-Humeur, one of the Garde Française, who was standing sentinel to his chief's safety.

The supper was of the gayest — so gay, indeed, that Madame la Maréchale at last took part in it, although, of course, but one glass and one knife and fork had been provided. And afterward? The afterward in this case is simply a matter of chronology. In the month of July, 1721, the widow of Louis François, Due de Boufflers, Peer and Maréchal of France, not less illustrious for the retreat of Malplaquet than for the defence of Lille, the clever and affable Maréchale had been for several years among the sixties!

The next morning Cartouche, who had found every thing good at the supper, except the wine, and wishing as much to show his connoisseurship as his gratitude, sent a hundred bottles of the first quality of champagne to the Maréchale. To be sure the wine did not cost him much; he had had it removed by his locksmith, Patapon, from the cellar of a rich financier, the father of the Paris Duverneys. The destination of the hundred bottles having been afterward revealed by the said Patapon while on the rack, the financier commenced a suit against the Maréchale for the cost of the wine. Madame de Boufflers defended the suit, pleading that she had fairly earned her wine. The judges agreed with her.

Cartouche did not limit the expression of his gratitude to this present of the champagne. Some little time afterward, when his men had stopped the Maréchale's carriage one evening in the street, he recognized her livery, and hastening to the carriage-door, said: 'Let Madame de Boufflers pass free now and always.' Then taking her hand as if to kiss it, he slipped upon her finger a magnificent diamond ring, which he had snatched a week before from that of Madame de Phalaris, who never saw it again. Madame la Maréchale, though she accepted these questionable presents, does not seem to have been very free with her money in return. When Cartouche was confined in the Conciergerie, and in great want, she went to see him but once, and left him only a couple of louis at parting.

The loves of Cartouche were not so numerous as might have been expected. The objects of his affection, however, never seemed to turn out well. Of the three we have to do with, two were hanged, and the third was publicly whipped and branded and sentenced to the Hôpital for life. The one whom he loved most and longest was a very beautiful and energetic woman, Marie Jeanne Roger, *alias* La Grande

Jeanneton, *alias* Jeanneton Venus, who was scarce twenty-five years old on the day of her execution. Her special functions were to unbuckle and carry off cloaks and portmanteaus from the backs of horses who were momentarily standing before the doors of a tavern, or of a wine-merchant. She was so devoted to her lover as to bear his numberless infidelities without complaint. He often returned to her, and always placed illimitable confidence in her. It would have been difficult to have better placed it. Jeanneton did not only love him, she worshipped him; he was her great man, her hero. She remained faithful to him, even beyond the grave, if we can consider that Cartouche ever had a grave. At the time of his confessions, she was brought to the Hotel de Ville. She pretended at first not to recognize him, and not even to know his name; then, when she saw that her feint was useless, she threw herself into his arms, burst into tears, and asked as a favor to die with him. Cartouche revealed as little as possible about her, kissed her tenderly several times, then begged them to take her away lest she should deprive him of his courage.

Eight months after, Jeanneton was put to the torture, but they could make her reveal nothing. She did not confess 'until she got good and ready,' as the vulgar phrase is, and then only to ease her conscience. Although her language was that of a woman without the least education, of a woman familiar with all kinds of vice from the age of sixteen, there was, nevertheless, not lacking a certain poetry about her. When, for example, she spoke of Cartouche and those of his companions who were executed before her, she constantly said: '*Those who are dead.*' One might fancy a feeling like that existing in the heart of a heroine of Vendée, or in one of the Puritan women of Walter Scott. On the twenty-fourth of July, 1722, Jeanneton was hanged.

In *Barbier's Journal*, under date of the twelfth of July, 1722, is the following entry: 'No body is talked about now in Paris but the people who are hanged and broken on the wheel; every day some one of Cartouche's gang is executed. Day before yesterday they disposed of Mademoiselle Néron (Marie Antoinette) his mistress. She is mentioned in the warrant as *one of the concubines of Louis Dominique Cartouche*. I suppose she should feel highly honored. She was hanged at one o'clock in the morning.' This is a very short funeral oration for one of the most enticing flower-girls of Paris, for a *pauvre diablesse* who had not reached her twenty-first year, when death overtook her in the Place de Grère, the tenth of July, 1722, after she had been duly put to the torture and borne it like a man, better even than some men.

As for Marie Le Roy, the third mistress of Cartouche at the time of his arrest, we know nothing more than we have stated two paragraphs back.

Cartouche loved danger for danger's sake ; he would have been disgusted at the prospect of dying peaceably in bed. Moreover, his presence of mind never deserted him. In June, 1721, one of his scouts, whom they called Ratichon, told him of a good haul he might make in the Hotel Desmarets, all the inmates of which had gone in the country. Under cover of the night, Cartouche and his men effected an entrance into the building, but whether Ratichon himself had been misled by the police or induced by them to betray his captain, no sooner had they done so than the rooms were all suddenly lighted up and the robbers found themselves surrounded with the King's archers and sergeants. A fierce struggle ensued ; there were dead and wounded on both sides. Cartouche felt that he could not longer resist the ever increasing number of his adversaries. His plans were soon laid ; he was in the grand *salon* of which a few devoted friends outside the door were defending the entrance. He took off his sword, his coat, his waistcoat, and his wig, wrapped a handkerchief about his head, climbed up the chimney, descended by another to the kitchen, out of which he walked in the complete rig of a pastry-cook, and sauntered with the easiest look in the world toward the great door of the Hotel.

'Is Cartouche taken,' asked the officers as they unsuspectingly stepped aside to let him pass.

'Not yet, since he is here.' And he fired off both his pistols at them.

Thus, as in many a similar instance, he came unscathed out of danger ; but in this case, in addition to his dead companions, he suffered a serious loss : one of his first lieutenants, Jean Rozy, otherwise Le Craqueur, was taken alive and incarcerated in the Châtelet Prison.

Cartouche took a certain degree of pride in saying that he never received money from any one to take a man's life. When it was to render a service to a friend, it seems that he was less particular about the matter of life and death.

One day, as he himself related the circumstance in his revelations at the Hotel de Ville, d'Antragues, alias Duplessis, his lieutenant and, at the same time, a soldier in the Guards, came to see him, and told him that he had been guilty of the imprudence of receiving in his room, at the same time with his legitimate wife, who, by his consent, lived with another guard, his mistress, the girl La Blanche, a receiver. A discussion had arisen between the two ladies, the result of which was that nothing remained of the poor La Blanche but her dead body, which was to be gotten quietly out the way.

Cartouche admitted that the situation was a dangerous one, and without losing time by giving useless sermons to his friend on his indiscreet conduct, took steps at once to save him. Poor La Blanche,

duly cut up into small pieces, was placed in a tall basket, which Duplessis carried upon his shoulders. Cartouche walked in front with his sword in one hand and a pistol in the other. They traversed thus half Paris, reached the little bridge of the Hotel Dieu, and threw the basket and its horrible contents into the river; all without having been disturbed by any living soul, though it was hardly eight o'clock in the evening.

The reader will have perceived by the foregoing story that Cartouche was not particularly sensitive on the subject of life-taking, and yet the common people of his day gave him a reputation for kindness and generosity which, among that class, clings to him still. In these stories the writer's desire to apotheosize Cartouche often renders him unmindful of the truth. The one following, however, may be relied upon as authentic for three reasons. In the first place, it gave rise to a trial, the records of which may be found in the archives of the French courts of justice. Secondly, and still more probably, our hero here found an opportunity to do a good action without its costing him a sou. Thirdly, because it gave him a chance to amuse himself at the expense of others, something which afforded him infinite diversion.

One beautiful night in December, 1719, a merchant-draper took it into his head to end his woes by jumping off the Pont Neuf into the river. He had already mounted the parapet, and was about taking the fatal leap when he was gripped by the leg and held back.

'Are you crazy, my friend?' said this second personage. 'It seems to me rather late in the season to take a bath in the Seine.'

'Monsieur, let me go, I beg of you; I am a wretched man. I want to drown myself; I must. It is absolutely necessary that I should drown myself.'

'I do n't deny it; but just get down now and tell me the whole affair. If I can't be of any service to you, you have still plenty of time to throw yourself in the water. The river won't run away, *que diable!*'

'Monsieur, I am ruined. My name will be in the bankruptcy list at the end of the month. I shall not survive it, nor do I wish to.'

'I do n't suppose you will survive it, if you commit suicide beforehand; but if you pay the money, there is no danger of your being a bankrupt.'

'Pay the money! pay the —. You seem to think that a very easy matter, but what shall I pay it with? I tell you that I am ruined, completely ruined!'

'And I tell you to get down or I will put you down. It's very tiresome holding you up in the air there. There, down at last. Now, take my arm and we'll have a little friendly chat about this. How much do you owe?'

‘Twenty-seven thousand francs.’

‘Diable! That’s pretty steep; but I have a plan which I think will get you out of the scrape. Write to your creditors; tell them to come to your house to-morrow evening at seven o’clock, with their accounts, which you will settle in full.’

‘But with what, Monsieur?’

‘With what I shall bring you, I suppose. But, by-the-by, I shall want your address. Very well, to-morrow at seven. In the mean time, take these three thousand francs as an assurance that I am not trifling with you.’

‘Monsieur, you are an angel from heaven.’

‘That is not the general opinion, but never mind: good night. And now that you have money in your pocket, you had better hurry home; the streets are not safe.’

That evening at seven Cartouche went to the draper’s house, where he found all the creditors of the latter assembled. Not one of them had failed to appear; nearly all, in their anxiety, had arrived before the appointed time. At every new arrival the poor draper had been obliged to begin again the touching story of his attempted suicide. Accordingly as soon as Cartouche entered, he was received with unanimous expressions of admiration and respect. The draper hardly recognized his preserver at first. The costume of the latter, grave and dignified in tone, had a touch of the minister and the lawyer combined. As Cartouche could do whatever he pleased with his countenance, he now looked like a man past fifty, in slight ill-health, and of a very amiable disposition.

‘A truce to compliments, Messieurs; I do not deserve them. The money which I am about to have the honor of distributing among you does not strictly belong to me; on my honor it does not. It comes from the treasury of certain young friends of mine, whose lives are not so regular as they might be, and who wish thus to have the benefit of an honest man’s prayers. For Monsieur is an honest man, is he not?’

Chorus of creditors unanimous in lauding the honor, the probity, the virtue of the debtor whom they had determined to make a bankrupt by the end of the month, and upon whom they had forced suicide as the only means of escape. The young men, so worthily represented by this kind-hearted gentleman, could not have made a better use of their money. Undoubtedly many of their sins would be forgiven them on account of this good action, the more so as every one of the creditors promised to join his prayers to those of the draper.

‘In that case,’ resumed Cartouche, opening his portfolio, ‘we shall all be gainers. But it is getting late; let us proceed to business. It is not safe to travel in the street with valuables in one’s pocket.’

To which the creditors unanimously assented, cursing Cartouche and his band up-hill and down, and uttering fervent vows for their speedy capture. Of course Cartouche was loudest in these denunciations. Then every creditor produced his accounts, and the merchant having examined them and attested their correctness, Cartouche paid them one after the other, until the twenty-seven thousand francs were entirely exhausted, and all demands satisfied. The honest draper treated the company to ratafia; all drank to the health of the philanthropist, as well as to that of the young friends who made so admirable a use of their goods in this world that it would surely be put to their credit in the next. Finally, as the dearest friends must part, they began to talk of retiring. They all insisted upon accompanying Cartouche to his home, which, he had said, was situated on the other side of the river. He accepted the escort of the creditors, but would not hear of the draper's stirring out of the house. He said he should stay at home to recover from the effects of his yesterday's excitement.

You can divine the rest. Hardly had the party set foot upon the Pont Neuf than Cartouche's band fell upon them. Cartouche himself set the example of resignation, and allowed his pockets to be searched and their contents to be abstracted before any of the rest. The creditors knew perfectly well that their money had fallen into the treasury of the terrible bandit; they did not know, however, that it had only been taken therefrom on their account. Three years afterwards, when the details of this affair were known, some of them brought an action against the draper before the civil courts. But the latter proved his entire good faith in the matter; besides, the creditors had given their receipts for the money. They lost their suit, and as a consequent and additional aggravation, had the costs to pay also.

In the beginning it was not a difficult matter for Cartouche and his men to find places of refuge in Paris. Nearly all the taverns, especially those in the banlieue and the faubourgs, were open to him, and these latter had always two or three modes of egress. But in the proportion that his reputation spread, these asylums became one after the other known to the police, and he was obliged to abandon them. Other tavern-keepers became frightened and absolutely declined the honor of harboring him for the future. Besides the taverns, there were, at first, in nearly all the quarters of Paris, certain women who hired shops and rooms on the ground-floor for the especial purpose of leaving the doors and windows a little way open. The band could not all sleep in these places, but they could always drop bundles in, or themselves take refuge to let the patrol of the watch pass when the latter were too strong to be resisted. Gradu-

ally the police closed all these doors and windows, or converted them into traps for the capture of unwary *Cartouchiens*.

One can hardly imagine the position in which Cartouche found himself. This man who often had hundreds of thousands of francs at his disposition, was frequently puzzled as to where he should find a bed, the last thing that honest people, even the poorest, stand in need of. When he found one, he never slept alone. It is a fact which has been observed for all time, and one which is worthy of the attention of moralists, that malefactors, especially those who have been guilty of blood-shed, have a horror of being alone at night. It is very probable that Cartouche had his superstitions; on his trial it appeared that he had scruples about some matters. In his confessions at the Hotel de Ville he said: 'I have never robbed churches, nor been in favor of robbing. To be sure,' he added, '*Je ne sais pourquoi, par exemple!*'

The life which Cartouche and his companions were now compelled to lead was any thing but gay. The last tavern-keepers who consented to receive them were naturally the most exacting. Those who furnished them with the necessaries of life drove harder bargains than ever before, and the robbers were compelled to dispose of their stolen goods at reduced rates to the receivers, on account of the growing danger of the traffic. The Regent had offered a full pardon to whomsoever of Cartouche's accomplices should deliver him into the hands of justice. Large sums were offered by the town-crier, and in posters about the city, for Cartouche, dead or alive: on the other hand, those who knowingly harbored him were threatened with terrible penalties. For some time past he had not gone to bed (when he could find one) without having half-a-dozen pistols on his night-table and within arm's reach. He saw that his struggle against society (however badly organized society might be) must have an end, and that the fatal termination was drawing near. One fact alone will give a vivid idea of the difficulty which Cartouche and his lieutenants experienced in procuring a place of safety. At the time when the grand sewer of the Rue Amelot was cleaned out, in 1823, there was situated near its principal mouth a recess, a sort of grotto four yards square, which was still called in the official reports, 'Cartouche's bed-room,' because the robber-king had often been obliged to pass the night there.

Cartouche must have had some good qualities, for his companions were constantly giving him proofs of a most rare devotion. History tells us that at Fornoro in 1495, when Charles VIII. was about to give battle to the Milanese, who were trying to cut off his retreat, he was astonished by the appearance at his side of nine horsemen dressed and armed exactly as he was himself. These nine cavaliers had learned that the enemy, knowing the color and arrangement of the king's costume and trappings, intended to concentrate all their murderous

efforts upon him, and it was to divide attention, and to preserve, if possible, his majesty's life, that they had adopted this stratagem.

It is hardly probable that Cartouche's men were acquainted with this historic fact, and yet they renewed it out of pure love for their captain. Their spies apprized them that he had been described to the police as wearing a cinnamon-colored coat, turned up with red. Twenty men, who most resembled Cartouche in build, at once adopted this style of coat which was at that time very fashionable. They even went so far as to each put a piece of black taffetas above the right eye to counterfeit a scar, the souvenir of one of Cartouche's affrays. In this way he was daily reported to be at the same hour in the most distant quarters of Paris and the banlieu, to the complete bewilderment of the police and the ever-growing terror of the vulgar. Hence they often imagined they had captured Cartouche when they had only got hold of one of his subalterns. The public were thus so often deceived, that when the chief himself was really taken prisoner, they refused to believe it.

We do not know the date of Cartouche's first arrest and imprisonment in the For l'Évêque, but it is certain that he made his escape from that shaky prison on the second of March, 1721. He could not have been confined more than two or three months at the most.

Before this first arrest Cartouche had the gratification of murdering a man under very peculiar circumstances. One day that he had gone out walking with Magdelaine, alias Beaulieu, his favorite, for the sole purpose of taking the air, and with no evil intentions, at least no intention to commit a murder, since they had not a pistol nor weapon of any sort between them, they were accosted by a private citizen. The man naïvely proposed that they should aid him in taking Cartouche, as there was a reward of twenty thousand francs for that bandit, which they would, in case of success, divide among them.

The chief was at first a little astonished, but soon recovered, highly praised the stranger's design, confessed to him that his comrade and he were out with the same intention, but that they would be delighted to join so courageous a man as himself. Then, having made the stranger take Beaulieu's arm, he diverted their walk to the extremity of the Rue de Vaugirards. On the way Cartouche went into a shop and bought a cheap clasp-knife. When they got out into the country they cut the man's throat with this miserable weapon, and left his body in a field without taking any pains to hide it.

Cartouche and his companion then had a great laugh at the confiding simplicity of their victim. This adventure having put them in good humor, they went to pass the rest of the day at a low tavern known as the *Porcherons*. There they met a number of their com-

rades, to whom they related the occurrence, to the infinite diversion of all parties.

At night-fall they returned to Paris, robbing several belated bourgeoisie on the way. The carriage of the Princess de Conti happened to come along. It was empty, but going at a good pace. For no other object on earth than to show off his dexterity and address, and win a bet of a few bottles of burnt brandy, Cartouche darted after and caught up with it, slipped through the carriage-window, threw out four cushions stamped with the Princess' arms to his companions, and got out as he had got in, without the coachman's having for a moment suspected him. After this feat Cartouche absolutely radiated with triumph. He was much more delighted than if he had taken a well-stuffed pocket-book.

But Cartouche's race was now almost run. The cup was full; it needed but a drop to overflow it. By two crazy acts of vengeance his ruin was consummated. One Bernard, keeper of a wine-shop in the Petite Rue du Bac, had long harbored him and his troop, to which he had once been affiliated. But for some little time back, whether actuated by scruples of conscience or fear of the police, he had refused to receive his former comrades, and declared his intentions of breaking off all relations with them.

This may appear strange, and contrary to the opinion generally entertained that when one has joined a gang of malefactors there is no possibility of leaving it. Cartouche's Constitution had provided for those who were dismissed, or who voluntarily withdrew. Every member who wished to retire was at liberty to do so, by giving the council notice two or three days beforehand. All relations with him were broken off, and so long as he kept secret all that he knew of the band he had nothing to fear from them. There had been twenty instances of members who had thus retired, from one motive or another, without any one ever having dreamed of bearing a grudge against them on that account. But, exasperated by the dangers with which he was surrounded, Cartouche this time refused to recognize the law which he himself had made. He treated Bernard's retirement as an act of treason, and swore to have a fearful revenge.

On the fourth of October, at midnight, the doomed house was suddenly assailed. With a view to murder rather than pillage, the windows and entresol were scaled at the same time that the lower doors were broken in. The house and shop were searched, but in vain. For several nights previous, Bernard, knowing how his resignation had been regarded, and the sort of man he had to deal with, had made a point of sleeping in the country for the good of his health.

Furious at not finding him, Cartouche ordered the house to be sacked. The women who kept watch at the corners of the streets

near by, were summoned by a whistle, and their *hottes* (tall baskets) filled with whatever was valuable. When nothing remained but the heavy furniture, that was piled up in the centre of the large room, and straw ticks thrown over it with the intention of setting it on fire. Cartouche had sworn that not one stone of this house should remain upon another.

In the mean time, the patrol of the watch, reinforced by detachments of the Gardes Françaises, arrived from all quarters. Cartouche and his staff were obliged to force their passage, pistol in hand. Seven of the *hotte*-bearing women were arrested, and with them eight of the most important men; the troop was disorganized. Instead of acknowledging that his star was on the wane, and that fortune had dropped him, Cartouche did as many a vanquished hero had done before him; he ascribed all his misfortune to treason. For some time his suspicions wandered from one to the other of the few friends who still remained faithful to him. He at last fixed them, how justly we know not, upon a young man scarce twenty-one years of age, Jacques Lefebvre, a soldier in the Gardes Françaises, of whom he resolved to make a terrible example.

On the night of the eleventh of October he summoned him, as well as the members of the Grand Council who were still at liberty, to meet at a lonely place behind the Chartreux. The Council only deliberated for form's sake; the unhappy man was condemned beforehand. Cartouche passed his sword through him first; the others did the same. The body was left in a condition too horrible to describe.

Gruthus Duchâtelet, the man who took the most zealous part in this ferocious performance, was the one who afterward betrayed Cartouche into the hands of his enemies. Duchâtelet pleaded in extenuation of his treason, that there was no longer any living with Cartouche. He had become so intoxicated with absolute power, that he would have sacrificed the whole troop to his own personal safety: at the least word, at the slightest suspicion, he talked of nothing but stabbing this one and of blowing out the brains of the other. Every one of them had been thus menaced or was in danger of being. It got to be so that they feared him more than the police. This is why these men who had so often risked their lives to save him, made no attempt to deliver him when he was once safe within prison-walls.

It was on the thirteenth of October that Duchâtelet had an interview with the Minister of War and the Regent himself, and arranged the conditions of his treason. Jean Courtade, a brave sergeant, who had entered the army at the age of twenty, and seen twenty-seven years of service since that time, was deputed for the capture of Cartouche. He had orders to follow the guidance of Gruthus Duchâtelet, and also to blow out the brains of that individual at the least sign of

treachery, or even of hesitation. To be sure the reward of twenty thousand francs that was offered for the capture of Cartouche was not to be sneezed at, yet it was not at all probable that the desperado would allow himself to be taken without resistance. Of the dangers which he risked, Jean Courtade says not a word. His report is a model of simplicity, and, as it cannot well be condensed, we quote it *in extenso*:

‘Following the orders of my Colonel, transmitted to me by M. le Major Pécôme, I concerted with the Sieur Duchâtelet upon the measures to be taken. I picked out forty men, four of them sergeants, upon whom I could personally rely; setting aside, of course, those whom Duchâtelet said were affiliated to the band. The next day we started from our quarter at seven o’clock in the morning, just as the sun was rising. We were all well armed, but dressed as citizens or sportsmen; Duchâtelet wore a cinnamon-colored coat. We marched two by two, ten paces distant, and took different directions, in order to surround the designated house on all sides.

‘It might have been a little after nine when we came in sight of the tavern ‘Au Pistolet,’ kept by Germain Savard and his wife, in the Courtille. Savard was smoking his pipe on the door-step, as if waiting for some one. Duchâtelet, whom I kept within pistol-shot, or rather within a quarter of a pistol-shot, saluted him and said:

‘‘Is there any one up-stairs?’’

‘‘No,’’ replied Savard.

‘‘Are those four ladies there?’’

‘‘Walk up,’’ replied Savard.

‘He stepped aside to allow him to pass. We instantly rushed into the house. On reaching the room up-stairs we found Balaguy and Limosin drinking wine before the fire. Gaillard was still between the sheets, and Cartouche, seated on the bed of the latter, was mending his breeches. We pounced upon them, we bound them, each just as we found him, with strong ropes which we had brought on purpose, and calling two carriages, we took them first to M. the Secretary of State and War, and then on foot to the Grand Châtelet as soon as we had received orders to that effect.’

Cartouche was followed to prison by an immense concourse of people. Arrived there, he was put in the dungeons, and tied to a post. At the door of his dungeon four men mounted guard. Never before had such precautions been taken with a prisoner. Notwithstanding these trying circumstances, Cartouche kept up the jollity of a Mark Tapley. On the way from the War-Office to the Châtelet, when they were leading him on foot through the crowd, a police-agent poked him with his cane, just as you would goad an ox. Cartouche stopped short and gave the policeman a kick smack in the face, with his naked

and muddy foot, for the reader has seen that they did not give him time to dress.

‘Fool!’ he said, while the other was wiping the mud away, ‘why do you do to me to-day what you would not have dared to do yesterday?’

The chiefs of the escort laughed heartily at this feat in gymnastics which Cartouche had performed with his arms tied behind him. The hootings of the populace obliged the uncivil agent to leave the ranks and take himself off.

To give an idea of the delight caused in Paris by the taking of Cartouche, the author of his anonymous biography tells us that they ran to Versailles to inform the King, who was holding his *petit levee*, and that they were very near having public rejoicings, like those which are common at the conclusion of peace.

Cartouche was too clever and too redoubtable a criminal to be kept in prison long. He was arrested on the fourteenth; on the fifteenth his trial commenced. While this was in progress he was kept in his dungeon, heavily ironed hand and foot. Otherwise he was not so uncomfortable; he was exceedingly well fed by the express orders of the Regent, and had visitors come to see him every day. He kept up or affected an inexhaustible gayety; he spent half his time in singing songs that were more than broad, and took pleasure in teaching them to the archers who kept guard over him.

All the ladies who had any connection with the court, however slight, all those who happened to know a counsellor, an attorney, or a bailiff, solicited and sometimes paid dear for the privilege of seeing Cartouche in his dungeon. He was the lion of the day, but a caged lion. It is said that even the Regent himself came, dressed up like a tradesman, which did not prevent Cartouche from recognizing him, if only from the obsequious politeness of the jailer and the turnkeys.

But more extraordinary than all, while Cartouche was not even yet sentenced, though the rack and wheel were looming up before him, measures were taken, with the sanction and approval of the authorities, to represent him on the stage of two of the Parisian theatres! With this object the author and principal actor of both of the pieces were several times admitted into his dungeon. Their names were respectively, for the Théâtre-Italien, Louis Riccoboni and Thomassin, (whose real names were Thomaso and Antonio Vincentini;) for Théâtre-Français, Marc Antoine Legrand and Maurice Quinault, both of whom were *sociétaires*.

When Legrand was called to the stand on the sixteenth of December, 1721, he avowed that having been introduced by the Lieutenant-criminal into Cartouche's dungeon, he read to the latter the manuscript of his piece, and received several counsels of which he availed

himself. That he observed on the table near the prisoner a few twenty-five sou pieces, and that having asked him if he were in want of money, Cartouche replied in the affirmative, because money enabled him to drink with his keepers, who were put to a great deal of trouble and inconvenience on his account. That, as for other things, he was well enough satisfied with his food and drink, but complained of his bed, which consisted of five bunches of straw only. Legrand adds that M. the Lieutenant-criminal expressed a desire to read the manuscript himself, because the preliminary labors of the trial would not permit of his going to see the comedy acted at the theatre, and that three days afterward he had the honor of presenting him a very handsome copy.

One would have thought that this was going far enough, but in his last confession, in his *Testament de Mort*, as it was called, Balaguy, one of Cartouche's confederates, (a young man of twenty, who was broken on the wheel, the twenty-third of December,) gave a much more explicit account of what took place.

'You know,' he said, 'that while the case for the prosecution was being prepared, M. the Lieutenant-criminal and M. the Procureur du Roi dined and slept every day at the Châtelet, in a room over that of the jailer. One day they came into my room, with their napkins under their arm, and looking like gentlemen who had dined pretty well. They were accompanied by two gentlemen in black coats, whom they told me were M. Legrand, author of a piece entitled *Cartouche*, and M. Quinault, who was to play the part of my unfortunate comrade. They then sent for Cartouche himself; and after having had refreshments served for us, they begged us to perform some thieves' tricks before them and to talk the slang, which we willingly did. The two actors took notes of the slang, and repeated the tricks as fast as we executed them. At last the Procureur du Roi and the Lieutenant-criminal joined the game, and tried to 'lift' a handkerchief, a watch, and a snuff-box, at first badly enough, afterward a little better. Cartouche even declared that M. the Lieutenant-criminal had a talent for the business, and that taken young, as he had been, he might have arrived at eminence in the profession. We all laughed a great deal, and passed a capital evening.'

Cartouche was arrested on the fourteenth of October, 1721; on the twentieth a comedy in five acts, founded upon his life, and terminating with his captivity, was put upon the stage of the Palais-Royal. The Bowery dramatists of our own day could not have been more expeditious.

The *Mercur de France* says of this piece, entitled *Arlequin Cartouche*, that it was a set of thieves' tricks out of which several games

had been composed and hustled together, to forestall another piece on the same subject which had been announced at the Théâtre-Française.

The authors and actors of the *Comédie Italienne* did well to hurry their piece through: their competitor's play had been written two years, and, what is more, had received the royal approval.

Barbier, in his quaint journal, tells us what remains to be told in regard to this play. He says:

'On Tuesday, the twenty-first, at the *Comédie Française* they played *Cartouche*, a little piece written by Legrand, the comedian. It is tolerably pretty, and an astonishing number of people go to see it. For the rest, people of good sense will take it ill that they should allow to be represented on the stage a man who is still alive, who is interrogated every day, and who will end by being broken alive on the wheel.'

In this very city of New-York we have had an instance of a man who got out of prison to go to his own funeral, (we allude to the case of the notorious Paddy Burke,) and almost as singular does it seem when we read of *Cartouche's* attempt to break jail and go to see himself represented on the stage.

It was in the night between Monday and Tuesday that *Cartouche* took it into his head to go and see himself figure, by proxy, on the boards. He was confined in a dungeon with another man, who by chance was a mason, and was not bound. They made a hole in a large waste-pipe, and dropped down into it. Following its windings for a little distance, they stopped and removed a very large hewn stone over their heads. This gave them entrance into the cellar of a fruiterer, whose shop opened upon the arcade. From the cellar they mounted to the fruiterer's shop, which was only fastened with a small bolt inside, but it was so dark that they could not see that. Unluckily for them, there was a dog in the shop who barked loud enough to rouse the seven sleepers. It did arouse the servant-girl, who got up and shouted 'thieves!' out of the window with all the strength of her lungs. The master fruiterer came down with a light which would have enabled the robbers to discover the little bolt and get off quietly, but so it was not to be. Four archers of the watch on their way home stopped in to drink a glass of brandy. They recognized *Cartouche*, who had chains on his hands and feet, and took him back to prison. The jailers were in a terrible fright when they saw him, for they had received the strictest orders from the Regent.

In consequence of this bold attempt to escape, *Cartouche* was removed from the *Châtelet* prison to the safer one of the *Conciergerie*. He was lodged in the *Montgomery* tower. Here his jailers took every precaution to secure him, doubling the number of his guards, and watching him day and night.

So long as he was imprisoned in the Châtelet Cartouche did not give himself up for lost. For years past it had been one of his favorite dreams to take this prison by assault and liberate those of his comrades who were held there at the time being. Hence he felt confident that his lieutenants, to whom he had often communicated his plans in this matter, would attempt to put them in execution for his deliverance. But when he was transferred to the Conciergerie, this hope left him, and with it much of his cheerfulness.

Fearing he would commit suicide, or make a new attempt to escape, his trial was disposed of as quickly as possible; he even underwent three examinations per day. He was too clever to imagine that he could hoodwink his judges when he denied his identity, pretended not to know two hundred persons with whom he was confronted, declared that his name was Jean Bourguigroon, that he lived at Bar-le-Duc, and had only arrived in Paris three days before his arrest, that he did not know either Savard, the keeper of the tavern where he had been arrested, nor any of the four persons taken at the same time with him. He had an object in playing the part that he did. He thought by keeping his promises with his companions to the last, to give them time, and suggest to them the idea of keeping theirs with him.

He was very near betraying himself one day, however, when he was suddenly brought into the presence of his mother and his youngest brother, whom he had not seen for years. They both recognized him with tears and sobs; but he, soon mastering his first emotion, treated them as impostors and false witnesses, and said they were people paid by his enemies to work his ruin. And yet, as his mother was going away, he made a few steps towards her, as if to embrace her, and in spite of himself his eyes were moistened with tears.

If from nothing else than the different manner in which he was treated he could see that the fatal term was drawing near. All idle visitors were denied, and hardly any one was admitted into his room but the Curé of Saint Barthélemy, to whom he showed great deference and respect.

On the twenty-sixth of November, 1721, Cartouche was sentenced by the Court to have his legs, thighs, arms and loins broken alive on a scaffold which should be erected for that purpose in the Place de Grève. That done, his body should be placed upon a wheel, his face turned toward the sky, there to end his days. He was to previously suffer the *question ordinaire* and *extraordinaire* and his goods were to be confiscated to the King. The sentence concluded with a *re-tentum* to the effect that Cartouche should be secretly strangled after he had been put upon the wheel.

Condemned on the evening of the twenty-sixth, he had to suffer the *question* the next morning at eight; an accident delayed the

operation till nearly nine o'clock. The accident was not an uncommon one; one of his accomplices, Jean Baptiste Magdelaine, alias Beaulieu, a young man of twenty, had been put to the torture before him, and died just as he was taken off the rack to be laid upon a mattress.

The physicians and surgeons of the court, judging Cartouche unable to bear the rack, in consequence of being afflicted with hernia, the torture of the boots was substituted, but without avail; he would confess nothing. In the afternoon of the same day he voluntarily made a long confession, having reference to six murders and two hundred robberies at the least. He spontaneously confessed a seventh murder, then added: 'These are all the murders I remember; if I have committed a few others, it has been without anger or hatred, and in self-defence. If I remembered any others, I would confess them also.'

Such was the desire of the Parisians to see the end of this noted robber, that on the very day that sentence was passed upon him, that is to say, the twenty-sixth of November, a crowd assembled in the Place de Grève, and in the open space separating it from the Conciergerie, the like of which was never seen before in Paris. All the windows looking upon the Place were hired for exorbitant sums; two Englishmen, who had made the journey from London expressly to witness the execution, secured one at a cost of twelve thousand francs. The windows of the Hotel de Ville were occupied by ladies of the court, the wives of magistrates and others holding official positions; several members of the diplomatic body did not think it beneath them to solicit an *entrée*. Now, as we shall see, the execution did not take place until Friday, the twenty-eighth, at two o'clock in the afternoon; consequently this aristocratic and plebeian crowd remained in the street and at the windows for nearly forty-eight hours, eating, drinking, laughing, singing, and cracking jokes at one another, like a theatrical audience that is kept waiting for its amusement.

Breakfasting with his confessor on the morning of the fatal Friday, Cartouche was asked if he would not like a cup of coffee. He replied that he did not drink coffee, and that he would prefer a glass of wine and a bit of bread. These were brought him, and he drank to the health of his two judges.

At two o'clock he was conducted to the scaffold by an escort of two hundred archers. Arrived there, he was bound to the cross of Saint Andrew, with a rope around his neck. At half-past two the reign of Cartouche, King of Paris, was at an end.

THE HEART'S CONFESSIONAL

We sat together underneath the trees
That dropped their shadows down the gravel walk;
And when the leaves bowed to the pleasant breeze,
We wove their plaintive rustling in our talk.
Before us, stretching downward o'er the hill,
The waving wheat slept calmly in the night,
While dreams swept o'er it, in the starlight still,
And from our lips they plumed themselves for flight.

We talked, in tones made tender by the sight
Of the pale moonlight sleeping on the earth,
Of hopes and plans just struggling into light,
To which our Actual Life had given birth.
We talked of every day's most quiet hours;
How fast they flitted from our grasp away;
How peacefully we sat among the flowers,
And heeded not the passing of the day.

And then a pause slipped in among our words,
And then we said: 'How sweet the sounds to-night,
Like melody dropped off the wings of birds,
As they fly upward to the fields of light.'
We said: 'How calm the blessed moonlight lies,
Upon the white waves of the silent lake;
How still the stars o'erlook us with sad eyes,
As patiently they watch the evening break.'

And lo! a silence came with measured steps,
And sat between us, with its soothing ways;
Till thoughts of love grew large upon our lips,
Though still they struggled for conventional phrase.
When, like a river's swift, resistless course,
His love leaped into words, that from his heart
Came pressing on each other, with such force
The tones jarred through them like a sound apart!

And as on eager blossoms falls the dew,
So fell his love on me, with passionate will,
Rippling the whole length of my nature through,
Leaving no current undisturbed and still.
O blessed memory of that sweet night,
When we, beneath the watchful, rustling trees,
Drew from the wine of love its ruby light,
And drained the cup, e'en of its bitter lees!

O quiet hills, and lake that silent lay!
Guard well the memory that I leave to you,
For o'er its grave the dead leaves fall away,
Withered and perished for the lack of dew.
O leaf-lipped trees, through which the shadows shift!
Murmur again those words so sweet to hear;
That I may gather, where life's waters drift
Over the sands, one jewel bright and clear.

St. Louis, Mo.

HOW THEY MANAGE THE LUNATICS AT GHEEL.

THE traveller who makes the tour of Europe, in these days, by rail-car and steamer, and *does* the principal cities and the most renowned resorts, by the aid of a guide-book, really learns little of what is worth knowing, concerning the countries he visits. To understand the peculiarities of a people, to become familiar with their customs, habits, and modes of thought, one must turn aside from the regular routes, visit the towns which lie remote from the great thoroughfares, and study the ways of the people when uncontaminated by the constant influx of foreigners. He may not find at the inns of these country towns waiters who speak English; he may be obliged to put up with French and German, instead of English cookery, and be sweltered at night by a covering of feathers instead of a counterpane; but, if a careful observer, he will reap benefits from his leisurely journeyings over territory rarely explored, such as do not fall to the lot of the rapid tourist.

Hundreds of Americans pass through Antwerp, Brussels, and Ghent every year, yet we venture to say, that in the past fifteen years not a dozen have visited the little city of Gheel, only twenty-five miles from Antwerp, and but twelve from Turnhout, an important station on the route from Brussels to Cologne; yet, to one who regards the study of man, in all his relations to life, as of more importance than the merits of laces, paintings, or buildings, Gheel offers more of interest than either of the Belgian cities we have named.

The Belgians are a singular people. Except in the large cities, they have imbibed very little of the gayety and frivolity of French manners by their constant intercourse with their Gallic neighbors. Sedate, serious, and devout as the Spaniards whose yoke they bore so long, they yet combine with these traits, much of the industrious contented nature of the Germans. More densely populated than any other country in Europe, Belgium is poor in every thing except inhabitants; its soil, naturally sterile, yields but a moderate return for the severe toil bestowed upon it, and the peasant is fain to content himself, hard as his labor may be, with black bread and *soup maigre*, seldom tasting meat, and only occasionally fish.

I had heard more than once of the Insane Colony at Gheel, from eminent English psychologists, and in the autumn of 185— resolved to visit it. To do so now is a matter of little difficulty, though thirty years ago, when the north-eastern portion of Belgium, and especially the eastern part of the province of Antwerp, was known as ‘Siberia,’ it was a formidable undertaking. Deep sand obstructed the miserable roads, and the journey from Turnhout, though but twelve miles, often

occupied six or eight hours. All this is changed now. Leaving Brussels by an early train, we stop at Coutich, the second station south of Antwerp, whence a train starts immediately, on the Turnhout line, which passes through Herenthals, where we find an omnibus in waiting for passengers to Gheel, eight miles distant. The whole journey from Brussels occupies less than four hours.

The commune of Gheel is situated on an elevated plain about three leagues in diameter, lying between the Great Nethe River, and two of its branches, known as the Little or Eastern Nethes. This plain is called Campine, or Kempen Land, a word signifying, like our campaign, or the Italian campagna, a flat level without trees. The climate is cold and damp, the Campine being quite elevated. The soil was originally barren, but by careful and painstaking culture, has become moderately productive, especially in the immediate vicinity of the city of Gheel, which appears like an oasis in the desert. The commune is said to be more healthy than the adjacent communes, and the inhabitants are remarkable for longevity; but the water is bad, being impregnated with sulphate of lime; and intermittent fevers, typhus, and pulmonary affections prevail in winter. The city of Gheel—for, having a burgmaster, it must be considered a city—has a population of between four and five thousand. The population of the commune is about ten thousand. Gheel is quite a pleasant town. Its houses are built of brick, and are generally two stories in height. Its principal street is long and wide, and has many good buildings, as have also three or four other streets. The Central Square, or Platz, is large, and surrounded on three sides with stores and good dwellings, while the fourth side is occupied by the cathedral church of St. Amand, or St. Dymrna, for it is known by both names. This noble edifice was erected about A.D. 1200. There are three other churches. There are two good hotels, at one of which, De Schild van Turnhout, (Turnhout Arms,) I found a good table, pleasant attendants, and the most scrupulous neatness. The charges, as every where else in Belgium, were very moderate.

Gheel, like many other of the Belgian towns, has its legend of its early origin, and as this legend is more interesting than most of its class, and has unquestionably a thin substratum of fact, bearing directly upon the connection of the town with the treatment of the insane, I will give it briefly. In the sixth century of the Christian era, Dymrna, the daughter of an Irish king, became a convert to Christianity, through the efforts of an anchorite named Gerbert, or Gerebert. Her father, a heathen, who had for some time looked with lustful eyes upon his beautiful daughter, was greatly enraged at her conversion, and threatened her and the priest with his vengeance, unless she abjured Christianity and yielded to his demands. The

heroic girl, preferring exile and death to apostasy and crime, embarked with Gerbert for the continent, and the two found their way to Gheel. Here Dympna entered upon a conventual life, while Gerbert established a monastery; but the heathen father was not to be thus balked of his prey; he followed them, tracked them to their new home, and renewing his demands, which were as steadfastly refused as before, drew his sword, and in a fit of rage smote off the heads of both Gerbert and his daughter. Among the witnesses of this murder were some lunatics, who, by the fright, were restored to reason; and the bystanders at once cried out, 'A miracle! a miracle!' and proclaimed throughout the adjacent country that God had vindicated the purity and devotion of the Christian virgin by thus causing her death to be the means of restoring reason to the unfortunate. What became of the wicked old father the legend saith not; but Dympna was speedily canonized, and as saint and virgin, her body and that of the priest had honorable burial, their tomb being changed into white stone—the rocks of the commune are of dark color—to indicate their purity. The miracle which had attended the death of St. Dympna was often repeated, says the legend, upon the insane who visited her tomb, and ere long the demented who had wealthy friends were brought here, in very considerable numbers, to enjoy the benefit of her intercession on behalf of those who had lost their wits.

At length, six hundred years or more after her death, when the faith in saintly intercession had reached its highest point, and had brought no small gain to the Gheelois, it was resolved to erect a church, in commemoration of the Virgin Saint. The Cathedral of St. Amand, or St. Dympna, was the result of this resolution; an imposing structure, two hundred and fifty feet in length, and of good proportions. It is said that it stands at a distance of about half a mile from the original tomb of St. Dympna. Not long after the erection of the church, the legend goes on to relate, a considerable body of Germans invaded Gheel, with the intention of carrying off the bones of the saint, and thus deriving the Gheelois of the gain arising from the visits of the insane to the healing shrine. The inhabitants resisted valiantly, but were overpowered, and the invaders carried off a coffin which, however, proved on examination to be that of Gerbert. Determined not to be foiled, they made a second descent upon the town, but this time the Gheelois had assembled a force sufficient to repulse them, and in order to secure these precious remains from further disturbance, they determined to place them in a shrine in the church. To do this was a work of greater difficulty than they had expected. The coffin was found, but no human force availed to move it. At this juncture a deaf and dumb boy, resident in the town, came to them and said, 'You will never move it, unless you take that horse,' point-

ing to a horse which they had not till then seen, The deaf mute had never spoken before, and never spoke again. The workmen thus advised, attached the horse to the coffin, and drew it out with ease; but when the work was done, the horse disappeared as suddenly as it had come. This miracle, it is added, produced a wonderful impression on the people.

The tomb which now stands in the church is raised about three feet from the floor on four pillars, and underneath it the lunatics, or their paid representatives, were required to pass, on their knees, nine times each day for nine successive days. The stone pavement underneath the tomb is deeply worn by the multitudes who have made this journey. The altar-piece of the principal altar of the church represents St. Dymphna seated on a cloud, imploring the DIVINE MERCY on a group of lunatics standing near her. On either side, other groups of the insane may be seen, their hands and feet bound by golden chains, similar in form to those still used for restraining violent maniacs.

In a central chapel of the diambulatorium, there is an elaborate carving of considerable merit, representing scenes in the history of the saint. In the first compartment her birth is portrayed; in the second, the death of her mother, the Queen of Ireland; in the third, the devil appears, tempting the Irish sovereign; the fourth shows her embarking on board ship with Gerbert; the fifth exhibits the King in pursuit, with the devil at his ear, prompting him; in the sixth, he is seen cutting off his daughter's head, while the decapitated corpse of Gerbert lies near. In the seventh, several priests, richly dressed, are carrying the relics of the saint in grand procession. In the eighth, the devil is escaping from the head of a female lunatic, while prayers are being said by some priests, and a chained maniac close by seems anxiously waiting for his deliverance.

Near the centre of the church, on the left of the choir, St. Dymphna's statue, dressed in rich silks and profusely ornamented, occupies a large glass-case, and before it are wax tapers and a *prie Dieu*.

In a small house attached to the principal church-tower, I was shown a dark, dungeon-like room, in which, formerly, maniacs, brought here for cure, were lodged by their relatives for nine days consecutively, while the *neuvaine*, or nine days' exercise, was performed. Nine young virgins, hired for the purpose, were to make a daily procession through and around the church, passing nine times each day, on their knees, under Dymphna's tomb, chanting all the time invocations for the maniac's recovery. Meantime, the unfortunate lunatic was chained by the wrist and ankle near the fire-place of the dungeon already described, or at night confined to the bed by chains, and often made worse undoubtedly by the formulæ of exorcism, mumbled over by the priest in his presence.

These superstitious ceremonies have now fallen into desuetude, being very rarely practised of late years; 'The people,' as a venerable old abbé told me with a sigh, 'having lost their faith in the efficacy of the intercession of saints.'

On St. Dymphna's day, which is about the time of the feast of Pentecost, I was told that thousands of people from neighboring communes flock into Gheel, and pay their homage to the shrine of the saint, many of them passing on their knees under her tomb as a preventive of insanity. So much for the legend of Gheel and the church's treatment of its lunatics. Let us now turn to its history as a colony of the insane, and see what is the condition of the Gheel of to-day.

The open-air treatment of the insane is no newly-devised system. Melampus, even in the mythologic period of Grecian history, seems to have comprehended its advantages, for we read that he compelled the daughters of King Admetus, who had become lunatics, to follow the herds over the hills, and spend their whole time in the bracing mountain air, and that, by this treatment, he restored them to reason. The Egyptian priests, who were skilled in medicine, came still nearer to the practice of the Gheelois. The insane were congregated near their temples, which generally occupied the centre of a large open space. They were here compelled to go through many religious ceremonies, in order to occupy their attention, and required to take long walks, to go from one temple to another, and to spend a portion of their time in cultivating the earth, and in other exercises in the open air. In the middle ages the monks of Saragossa, in Spain, applied the same principles, agricultural labor and open-air exercise, to the treatment of lunatics; but the rich would not work, and very few of them were cured, while of the poor, the greater part recovered. We are not, however, disposed to believe that either of these cases served in any respect as a model for Gheel. Its system has grown out of the necessities of its case. For several centuries the number of the insane resident in the commune has ranged from five hundred to one thousand persons. At first, and indeed for several hundred years, they came to take advantage of the intercession of the saint; but as but few could perform a *neuvaine* at the same time, and as, moreover, the purses of many of them were not heavy, they boarded in the families of the commune, and often sought to lighten their expenses by engaging in agricultural or other labor. In many instances this would lead to their recovery, which, though attained without the ceremony, was considered as due to the interposition of St. Dymphna; and others similarly afflicted, were brought to the place by their friends, in the hope that they also might be benefited. Gradually abuses grew up requiring judicial redress, and though the people are, in disposition and habits, admirably adapted to deal successfully with the

insane, yet some regulations have been found necessary, and these, being enacted by the government, form the code by which the relations of the insane with the other inhabitants are governed. This code is simple, easily comprehended, and adapted by its justness and fairness, to work beneficially for both parties.

The entire commune of Gheel is divided into four sections, and a physician is appointed for each, who has charge of the treatment, medical and general, of the lunatics in his section, making frequent reports to the medical inspector or head-physician of the commune, whose power over the insane and the families which receive them is almost absolute. This medical inspector may enter at any time of day or night, and without notice, any dwelling in the commune where the insane are kept, examine their rooms, bedding, and food, and inquire into the attendance they receive; hear complaints on either side, remove patients, deprive the housekeeper of his license or require him to furnish better accommodations. The poorer, the more infirm, imbecile or helpless a patient is, the stronger the claim he has upon the medical inspector. Such powers can only be safely delegated to men of great prudence, judgment, and humanity; and in this respect, the Belgian government have been singularly happy in their choice. Dr. Bulkins, the present inspector, and his predecessor, Dr. Parigot, are both admirably adapted to so delicate an office, and both have filled it with great success. It was my good fortune, at the time of my visit, to have letters to Dr. Bulkins, and to secure his services as my chaperone, in visiting this interesting community; and I can testify most heartily to his tact, patience, humanity, and impartiality in the discharge of his official duties. The sectional physicians at the time of my visit were Drs. Van Vetzen, Broechmans, De Backer and Verbist. Surgical diseases are not frequent, and Dr. Girolt officiated as surgeon for the whole commune.

There were at this time seven hundred and seventy-four insane persons in the commune, or about seven and three-fourths per cent of the entire population. The proportion, Dr. Bulkins informed me, had at one time been fully ten per cent, but since the erection of insane hospitals on improved plans in the larger cities of Belgium, the violent, dangerous, suicidal and homicidal cases were for the most part sent to those institutions, while quiet cases, especially if incurable, were forwarded to Gheel. This had operated to diminish their numbers about twenty per cent.

These seven hundred and seventy-four patients are distributed in nearly five hundred different dwellings, not quite one-half being in the city of Gheel, while the remainder are scattered through the commune. Except in very rare cases, no family is allowed to board more than four lunatics, and very many receive only one or two. The

regulations in regard to the food, clothing, furniture and room of the patients, are very strict. The utmost cleanliness is enforced. In summer, Dr. Bulkins said, the lunatic residents were not allowed to leave their domicile before six in the morning, or remain away from it later than eight P.M. In winter the hours were from eight A.M. to four P.M. No one is allowed to furnish them with any spirituous liquors; nor can the keeper of a cabaret supply refreshments, except to quiet, tranquil patients, whose names are recorded in his book. The householders licensed to receive lunatic boarders, are divided into two classes, the '*hosts*,' or those allowed to take patients paying at least five dollars per annum more than the indigent patients; and '*nourriciers*' or foster-fathers, who take charge of the pauper and indigent lunatics, receiving about forty-six or forty-seven dollars per annum, for their food, clothing and attention. Living is proverbially cheap in Belgium, especially among the laboring classes, but it is difficult to understand how it is possible to support an adult on this sum. It is true that some of the lunatics are both able and willing to work, and thus bring in considerable sums in aid of the families who take charge of them; but this is an item which cannot be reckoned upon beforehand, as the patients are given out in the order they are received, and the *nourricier* is as likely to receive a poor bed-ridden crone, as an active, capable man or woman. Yet the physicians were unanimous in saying that cases of neglect, and deprivation of suitable food or clothing, were exceedingly rare. Indeed, it was the general rule, that among these families of *nourriciers*, if there was a necessity for pinching economy any where, it was practised in the family, and not on the patient. The wife wore her cloak, though old and shabby, or the husband his blouse, a year longer, that the lunatic might have a new and warm jacket or petticoat; if there was any thing beyond the common fare upon the table, the lunatic was first served, and then the others, if any was left.

About one-half of the whole number are classed as working at some employment; of these, a large proportion are women. The other half are either unable or unwilling to work. About one-sixteenth of the whole number are classed as rich patients, and pay from eighty to two hundred and forty dollars per annum. The indigent patients are about two-fifths of the whole, and the remainder or middle class pay from fifty-five to sixty dollars per annum.

Three hundred and fifty of the whole were affected by mania in some form, sixty were melancholic, fifty-one epileptic, two hundred and sixty-five demented.

Having obtained these statistics, I went with Dr. Bulkins, at his request, on one of his rounds, to observe for myself the condition of the insane, and the results of a mode of treatment varying so greatly

from that in vogue in the insane hospitals. As he purposed visiting the remoter districts of the commune, he ordered his carriage, and entering it, drove with me to one of the most barren and lonely portions of the Campine, some two leagues or more from Gheel. Our first call was to be at an isolated cottage on the highest part of this moor; but some time before we reached it we met a gray-haired lunatic, the solitary boarder at this cottage, Dr. Bulkins said, who, with bare head, and his long locks flying in the wind, was gesticulating furiously, and occasionally uttering cries and howls in a most stentorian voice.

‘He imagines himself,’ said the doctor, ‘to be Napoleon, and he is giving his orders to his troops who are gathered for the battle of Waterloo. He is one of our noisest patients, and on this plain he can have full scope for the exercise of his lungs, without disturbing any one.’

‘Is he not dangerous and violent to others?’ I asked.

‘Not at all,’ was the reply, ‘as you shall see for yourself. Yon little child has been sent after him; see how easily he will control him.’

The child whom the doctor pointed out, was a rosy-cheeked, bare-legged little urchin of perhaps half-a-dozen summers, and as the lunatic was giving the word of command to his imaginary legions to wheel and charge in battalions, the little fellow plucked the skirt of his blouse, and whispered a few words in his ear, when, presto, change! the *soi-distant* emperor was transformed into a quiet, humble, shame-faced man, who with shambling step and downcast eye, suffered the boy to lead him to the cottage.

‘A little child shall lead them,’ said the doctor, as he turned to me, smiling.

We alighted at the cottage; every thing was very plain, and the cottagers were evidently poor; but the best room in the house was the lunatic’s, and its snow-white cupboard and benches, and its nicely sanded floor, gave evidence of the neatness of the cottager’s wife.

‘Who have the principal charge of the lunatics in-doors?’ I asked.

‘The women and children for the most part,’ was the reply. ‘When very violent, the men are sometimes, though rarely, asked to help, but there are very few women in the commune who are not competent to manage even the most turbulent, and generally they succeed much better than the men. They possess more tact and adaptation to the work. Our women are usually very amiable, and centuries of experience have given them a skill in the management of the insane you will seldom meet elsewhere.’

We drove next to a small hamlet where there were ten or twelve insane persons. On our way we met two young men, with their legs tied loosely together with thongs.

'That,' said the doctor, 'is to prevent them from running away.'

'What hinders their taking them off, if they wish to escape?' I asked.

'Nothing except a bit of superstition. The thongs are put on with a ceremony which invests them with a sort of sacredness, in their view, and they never take them off themselves.'

'Do you have many escapes?'

'Very few; only eleven last year, and most of those did not go far. As the householders lose their pay from the day the patient escapes, and can get no more patients till his return, they are usually successful in bringing them back very soon.'

'How many,' I asked, 'are under restraint of any description?'

'Only about thirty of the whole number in the commune.'

'And what are your restraints?'

'The thongs, as you have seen, the camisole, and strapping the arms back at the elbows, so as to prevent them from striking others.'

'No chains?'

'Not now; formerly they were thought necessary, but we are very thoroughly converted to the system of non-restraint.'

As we alighted from the carriage, a lunatic was carrying in his arms a pretty little girl of two or three years, with whose prattle he seemed greatly delighted.

'That man,' said the doctor, 'is subject to violent paroxysms of mania, during which he destroys furniture and clothing, and is really dangerous. Formerly we should have chained him; and even since he came here, the *paysan* with whom he lives was seriously bruised in the attempt to subdue him in one of these paroxysms; but the sight of that child, and permission to take it in his arms, quiets him at once.'

'But is there not,' I asked, 'danger to the child in trusting her in the hands of such a maniac?'

'I think not,' he answered, 'in this case. When a lunatic manifests a dislike for a child, (a very rare circumstance,) they should never be left alone together. We had a painful incident, resulting in the death of a little child some nine or ten years ago; but there the lunatic, who was of a very jealous temper, had conceived a hatred for the child.'

'Have you had no other misfortunes arising from this perfect freedom in which the lunatics are indulged?' I inquired.

'One only. In 1845 the burgomaster of Gheel was assassinated by a lunatic, whom he had needlessly irritated. The man professed to be a physician, and went about the country, gathering up herbs and simples, with which he concocted nauseous doses, which some of the *paysans* were foolish enough to take. The burgomaster was a druggist, and partly, I presume, from professional jealousy, and partly, possi-

bly, from the love of teasing, he ridiculed the lunatic before a crowd of people, calling him a quack and a swindler, and forbidding him to pretend to practise any more. The man was very angry and much excited, and soon after, meeting the burgomaster alone, he plunged a knife into his breast.'

'Do you not find inconvenience and crime the result of the familiar acquaintance of lunatics of the two sexes?'

'Far less than among the sane. There have been only four cases of sexual crime in seven years.'

'Mrs. —,' said the doctor to a comely matron of fifty, in the next cottage we entered, 'the friends of Lacordaire have lost very heavily by the flood, and write me that they can allow but two hundred and fifty francs a year for his support hereafter. I will send him to Henri, (a *nourricier* who had applied for another patient,) and give you Colonel Minot, who has just come, and whose friends are willing to pay a high price for having him well attended.'

A tear started in the good woman's eye.

'Doctor,' said she, 'I cannot give up Lacordaire; he has been with me fifteen years, and, helpless as he is, I love him like a brother. I will keep him at the reduced price.'

'Well, well,' said the Doctor, in his brisk way, 'we will arrange it some how; for I have told Colonel Minot's friends that you will take him, which gave them great satisfaction.'

'I cannot do it, if I must in consequence give up Lacordaire,' said the matron decidedly.

As we left the house, Dr. Bulkins said to me: 'This is a not unfrequent occurrence. Our people very often become much attached to the patients, and most strongly, I think, to the helpless ones.'

As we rode slowly over the Campine, we saw considerable numbers of the male patients in the fields, laboring quite actively, and through the open windows of the cottages I noticed women, whom the Doctor informed me, were lunatics, sewing, knitting, performing household duties, or still oftener, taking care of young children.

'Nothing,' said Dr. B., 'exerts a more powerful influence on our lunatics, than the presence of children. They become quiet at once under the magnetism of the eye and voice of a child.'

I inquired the number of recoveries.

'The per-centage is not large,' said the Doctor sadly; 'from seven to ten per cent is all that we can report. It should be considered, however, that most of our cases are chronic, and would generally be pronounced incurable when they come here. I think our success is about as good as that of hospitals for incurables generally.'

'And the deaths?' I asked.

'About the same per-centage as the recoveries. Our patients gen-

erally live longer here than the same class in the hospitals, in consequence of being so much in the open air. Some of them die at a great age ; but general paralysis is here, as every where else, in the treatment of the insane, a formidable, frequent, and fatal disease.'

We had now returned to the city, and as we passed a commodious brick building, 'That,' said the Doctor, 'is our Music-Hall, at which such of our patients as are musically inclined hold reunions occasionally. The plan of these reunions was suggested by one of our patients, who had been an eminent violinist, and who succeeded in organizing a musical association here.'

At a cabaret near by, a company of aged men, all lunatics, the Doctor said, were quietly playing at dominoes. We reached the doctor's office but a few minutes before the omnibus started for Herenthals to meet the Antwerp train; and I was consequently obliged to bid my courteous entertainer a hasty adieu, and soon after to take my last look upon the pleasant little city of Gheel, and its colony of lunatics.

LINES : 'IF I DIE EARLY.'

I.

If I die early, bury me
Where the warm sun is shining clearly,
No marble and no willow tree,
If I die early.

II.

In some still spot I used to know,
Where the blue violets love to grow,
It will be sweet to slumber so,
If I die early.

III.

If I die early, think of me,
As one escaped from care and sorrow,
Who watched but one short hour to see
The shining morrow.

IV.

There sometimes let your footsteps rove,
Look up in the calm sky above,
And, smiling, thank the God of Love,
That I died early.

U N D E R T H E M O O N .

Under the chill December moon
Are crimes, wild revels, and slumbers sweet :
There are hearts that mourn some dear hope's doom,
And pulses that to joy-bells beat.

Under the moon, a white corpse lies,
With softly-falling and golden hair ;
With pale lids over the clouded eyes,
And folded hands on a bosom fair ;
On a maiden bosom cold and calm,
White in the chill moon's frosty glow,
Under the rigid and icy palm,
Rosy and round in the last year's snow :
White is the curtain's sweeping fall,
The drapery of the couch is white ;
Spotless the shroud and the heavy pall—
Under the moon is a corpse to-night !

Under the moon is a bride to-night :
With lips of glowing and maiden bloom,
And eyes outshining the torches bright
That glitter around the festal room :
Smiling she draws the curtains aside,
The velvet curtains of crimson hue.
While silver-crowned in her royal pride,
The full moon sits in the frosty blue ;
And 'Look, dear love,' she says to the groom,
With smiles and blushes upon her brow,
'Strangers we, in the last year's moon,
Solemnly plighted and wedded now.'
He softly smiles on his blushing bride,
But in his eyes creeps a shadowy gloom,
And turning a troubled face aside,
He dares not look on the winter moon.

The night grows late : they pass the wine ;
They drink the health of the 'happy pair,'
Bright as her eyes, the jewels shine
In the fair bride's wavy and raven hair.
But the bridegroom groweth still and pale,
He shades his face with its mantling gloom,
And from his heart of hearts, a wail
Goes up to the mocking winter moon.
He too remembers the last year's snow,
And other lips of as fresh a bloom.
Eyes that sparkled a year ago,
Clouded and pale, under this year's moon.

R E M E M B R A N C E S .

I.

GOING BACK AGAIN.

DESECRATED by a rail-road entering the village close by the identical stream where I used to catch minnows with a pin-hook — new houses and new faces at the station — not the old houses with their steep roofs, but new-fashioned ones, with piazzas round them ; I am on the sunny side side of the cars, and have kept the blinds down till now, but something tells me we are nearing the village of boyhood, and as we 'slow,' I raise the blind. There's the same turn in the road, I remember that ; but how small the old church looks with its open belfry ! Can that be the same belfry where the swallows nested, and where we used to try and throw stones ? It looks as though one might toss a stone there now. And there, in the distance, is the old house ; even that looks small. And there's the hill we used to slide down in the winter-time, always warned to be careful. I wonder how a boy's sled could go down such a hill, though perhaps it has been graded. But the whistle sounds, and I am whirled by all the old familiar places, and go on dreaming of the boyhood's days passed away forever.

We have crossed a new bridge over the river, and that river divides my childhood from my manhood.

There are church spires in the distance, and I shade my eyes from the glistening steeples. We are passing along roads lined with elms ; twenty minutes only, since I left my boyhood's home, and now standing on the very pavements where, in the former days, all my manhood burst upon me.

I must stop here awhile ; there is something sacred here. As I go up the street a home feeling comes over me. I seem to know every one I meet, and yet know no one ; they are all strange faces, and yet are the type of the former time. I think I know where they are going — down to the office yonder for letters. I draw my hat closer over my eyes ; there is a struggle coming soon. I pass an alley-way leading from the street, and look up to an old, familiar window, but some one has put up a tall building in the rear, and the window is shut out. I am not sorry for it. The struggle is put off a little time, and the great sorrow lifted for a moment, but only to come thicker and darker as I turn the corner ; and the old green, with its churches and its trees, bursts on me. I must stop here — here in front of the house which I could not see from the alley-way. I wish it was night, that I might go up and kneel on those steps, and be left there a little while alone. It was just there, between those two windows, that we stood,

she beautiful in her innocence, and I strong in my manhood. Even now can I see the man of God taking one step forward, joining our hands and saying: 'Those whom God has joined together, let no man put asunder.' I remember the beautiful roses in her head-dress, but visions come to me of stiff, cold japonicas laid round her pale face in the winter time.

I go on to my old boarding-place. I put my face against the window-pane and strive to forget; but how can I, while the same chapel-bell yonder is ringing hurriedly, and the same students rushing across the green. I am all lost in thought, when some one touches me on the arm. 'Do you wish dinner, sir?' I ought to know that voice, but not that gray hair. I tell him I will wait for tea. He turns to go, but I call him back. He recognizes me; he talks of old times. He is the man who used to make the fires in the house, but he has a heart. He asks about my wife, and I tell him about the japonicas, and the old man goes away sorrowful because he can give no comfort. I remember him afterward as the one friend left to me in the city where aforetime I knew so many.

I am hurried along again in the train, and I feel that I am alone in the world. The spring-time has been, and the summer, and now to me all is cold, dreary winter-time; and yet the spring-time of nature is once more bursting on me. The buds are all swollen on the trees off which we two picked the fruit last summer. I have taken the straw off the roses in front of the house — she saw them covered in the fall-time — and though the same flowers may bloom there as fresh and beautiful, yet other hands shall tend them. The same seed she gathered will soon be planted, but she will not see their blooming. Yet, why should I sorrow for the future? She died with flowers in her hand, and looking on the flower-cross hung upon her foot-board — gazing on that with her soft eyes of love — she told us of visions of beautiful flowers in the land whither she was hastening, where there was neither summer nor winter, day nor night, but all things were illumined by the effulgent glory of God.

We have a vault in the city, deep down under the ground, where coffins are laid on shelves like merchandise. And here, in the country, we have a beautiful grave-yard, where the grass grows green and the birds sing in the summer-time. So, because she loved flowers, we buried her here in the country; and in a few days, now, I shall take my little girls up, and they will plant roses there, 'because mother loved them,' and because she died folding her hands so peacefully, and looking on the flower-cross.

II.

THE DOG, THE SEXTON, AND THE DRIVE.

I HAVE just come from there. The grass is beginning to look green, and the old sexton was sodding the new graves made in the winter-time. No one went with me—only the dog she used to love, the same one she brought up in the cars with her, the same one that we called away from her door the night before the japonicas were laid about her.

The poor dog had never been up to the cemetery before; but when I opened the iron gate, and went into the inclosure, he came close in behind, and as I stood by the earth mound and raised my hat, he lay 'close down,' and knew as well as I did what the long heap of earth meant; and, with his head between his paws, perhaps he thought of all the kindnesses of his old mistress, and all the many times his rough head had been patted with soft hands, and all the gentle words that had been spoken to him.

'Soft hands shall no more stroke you, my faithful Watch; her gentle voice will no more call you from the river in the summer-time, as it was wont to do when you swam so far away with the stick the little children threw you. Poor dog! you and I are getting old together.'

I kneel down. Watch comes nearer to me—he looks up in my face. I know what he would say, if he could: 'We, who are left, will be faithful to one another—you and I, *and the little children.*'

I meet the old sexton down by the gate yonder, and he tells me it is hardly time to put the sods on yet. He is waiting for the grass to grow a little more. He wants green sods for young graves. The old man says something about putting down the tomb-stones, but the words seem harsh to *me*. *He* talks of it as a business thing. All my heart comes up in my throat. I leave the old man, and Watch and I go home together.

The house-blinds are all open again—they were shut tight only a few days ago—but no gay, pleasant voice welcomes us on the door-sill, as it used to do in former time. Inside there is a strange smell, as if the painter had been there. There is a little room at the end of the hall, but they keep the door shut, because the strange smell seems to come stronger when it is open.

I have come up early from the city to-day. The little children are delighted because there is a carriage and two white horses in front of the gate. They are going up to see where mamma is, and to take the rose-bushes. We go up together. Every thing is done in silence;

but when the roses are all planted, a child's face looks up to mine and says: 'Papa, I know whose grave this is; it is mamma's. But whose grave is that with the tall tower on it over there?' I tell her that is some one else's grave, and ask her: 'Where is mamma?' A little while she looks on the earth-mound; then, glancing upward, points with her hand, and says: 'Mamma is in the sky, papa.'

The little girls and I go away together, and they are glad to see the horses and carriage again; and while I am filled with sorrow, they, in their pure young girlhood, are trying to settle between them whether the horses are gray horses or white, and whether, if they asked papa, he would take them a longer drive, down under the aqueduct, and along the stream where the mill-wheels are all the while making such a pleasant noise. So we go down there, and see the same wheels going round that *she* and I saw last summer, and the same great mass of foam snuggling itself up close by the mill.

The little children are glad to see the white foam breaking away and dancing down along the ripples; but to me, older than they, it brings sad meaning — it looks like the snow-white shroud they wrapped her in; and the little flakes floating down look like the white japonicas I have told you about.

A vision comes to me now. Though I see it not, yet a gentle hand is laid upon my shoulder, and a voice comes comforting me: 'She whom thou lovest is even now walking close by that river which flows by the throne of God.'

And I feel calmer and better for what the voice has told me; but the memory of the prayer I once offered comes back to me, and I repeat it over.

The little children come away from the carriage-window and sit down by me, and I tell them what I once asked for mamma, long ago, before they were born.

LIFE'S sun-light is bright to the soul of my youth,
 But shadows are lying before, in the way;
 And as Time hurries on (I ween it is truth)
 The sun-light will fade, but the shadow will stay.
 But THOU who hast promised to answer the prayer
 Of all who may ask, for the sake of THY Son,
 With heart of a sinner, O God! may I dare,
 To think that in mercy THOU 'lt grant me this one?
 Then spare *her*, oh! spare her — that beautiful one!
 Bow *me* to the dust 'neath the stroke of THY rod;
 But from sorrow and grief, for sake of THY Son,
 Preserve her, the gentle one, merciful God!

There are shadows in the carriage, and the little children do n't

look any more out at the window ; but they keep close by me till we three go together into the house, hand-in-hand. Then we see glimpses of sun-shine coming in at the western window and playing on the parlor-floor ; and my heart is strengthened, because the little girls tell me all is bright sun-light where mamma is.

III.

SHADOWS: TAKING THE DEED: TWILIGHT.

Yes, my little girls, all may be 'bright where mamma is ;' but when the warm sun comes and makes every thing grow so beautifully, there will be shadows cast by long, rank grass on mamma's grave, and there will be shadows on her vacant chair in the evening-time.

I look out again at the western window, and watch the sloops gliding so pleasantly along ; but now and then, when I see one coming down on the other side, and hovering under the great Palisades yonder, she seems freighted with shadows, and to be sailing there only to remind me how little way apart are the shadows and sun-light of life. Yet I remember that 'clouds have a silver lining ; and when the little voice says, 'Papa, see what a beautiful sloop !' the shadow is lifted, and the silver lining comes, for the face upturned to mine seems dancing in the sun-light.

The children thought mamma had only gone away for a little while, and would come back again. Their voices sounded out as happy as in the former time. They played with the same little girls, told over the same stories mamma taught them, and seemed to wait for her coming ; but now, since they have been up to plant the rose-bushes, they know what the great pile of earth means, and the white stones with the black letters on them ; and the two voices spelling it out tell me 'that was mamma's name, and some day we will go and see her, but she will not come home again.'

So, the sloops glide along ; the green leaves grow apace ; the buds burst into blossoms, and all the many voices of spring are saying : 'The summer will come again.' But not again to me, voices of spring — not again to me — save only there may be comfort in the opening blossoms of the youth-time of my little children.

I have staid at home again to-day, and have just come from the village, where I have been to consummate the purchase of the plot of ground in the cemetery twenty-five feet square. I must have a neat railing put round it, and plant more flowers. The plat is large enough, and yet I sometimes wonder if I could ever bear to see a little grave snuggling itself down close beside the one the sexton has just done sodding to-day.

Do you know there is something very sad in the purchase of a burial-place? Very few ever think of buying the little plat in the cemetery before the necessity comes. But then, how dear the place seems to you! How willingly you pay your money for it! How firm you clutch your deed, and read over its long form of words to see if any are omitted! What a *consciousness of ownership* one has, as he opens the iron gate, and goes in where the mounds are! The ownership of houses and lands is nothing to it. There is a sacredness about the plat in the cemetery. Those who come after you will respect it; no stranger will intermeddle with it. It is yours—all yours. You have a family burial-place. Then, at the coming of the summons, when you shall lie down in your darkly-curtained room, with the great sun-light shut out; when—if you chance to live in the city yonder—the straw shall be scattered in front of your dwelling, and the hum in the street fall with a deadened sound upon your ear; in that hour the bright visions of those who have gone before, will bring calmly to mind the hillocks and white stones in your little inclosure, and you shall pass away with the sweet, consoling thought: ‘There will I be buried also.’

Yet voices have been calling to me since I bought the little spot of ground; they have been always saying: ‘Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.’ They have been telling of crushed hopes, of strong love-bonds broken asunder, of the uselessness of making a struggle without an object; and now almost the voices have persuaded me. But no; the voices of my little children are in my ear; the sound comes up through the open window. They are playing about the grass, so fresh and green after the shower of yesterday. One of them runs into the house for something forgotten. I stop and tell her she is a beautiful angel; and she runs away with my kiss, full of happiness. Then the voice comes in again at the window, and I hear it saying, ‘Sister, papa says I am an angel; but I don’t think I am as beautiful as the angels where mamma is;’ and all my spirit yearns within me toward my two little girls.

The air is calm and still. The sun-light comes playfully in upon the carpet. Evening songs are sung by the voices of birds. The sun goes away over the Palisades, and the breeze of evening brings through the window the sweet smell of the apple-blossoms. The two little girls, hand in hand, come in together, and I, secure in their double love, sit down between them, and tell them of the other land, where it is always summer-time and sun-shine. So the twilight darkens round us, and, with their little heads resting on my shoulders, they pass away into dreams of mamma; while the faithful dog, looking up, seems to be saying over again: ‘You and I and the little girls will love one another.’

B L I N D N E S S .

I.

Oh! where is the place of our rest?
I have heard its low music afar:
From the place of our rest, and the land of the blest,
Like the sounds that might drop from a star.

II.

I have caught a green glimpse of its trees;
And the waters that sung in their shade:
The bird-haunted trees, flowing back from the breeze,
'T was the music I heard which they made.

III.

But those woods leaning over their streams,
Of late I have sought them in vain:
And the glorious streams that I saw in my dreams,
I never shall see them again!

IV.

For that was in times passed away,
When my heart it was younger than now:
In the times passed away, like a spring-weather day,
With a sun-set of gold on its brow.

V.

There were hopes that have gone on before,
And loves that I thought would remain:
The hopes gone before, to that mystical shore,
And the loves that will come not again!

VI.

But my eyes they are blinded by sin,
And sorrow has lain on my breast;
And sorrow and sin, they cannot enter in,
To that beautiful land of our rest.

VII.

Oh! where is the place of our rest?
My sight shall I ever regain?
And the place of our rest, that Land of the Blest,
Shall I ever behold it again?

Galesburg, (Ill.)

'THE SON OF THE MAN.'

REMINISCENCES OF NAPOLEON THE SECOND.

UNTIL my visit to Europe a few years ago, I was a firm believer in the stories that were in circulation regarding the cruel treatment of the son of the great Napoleon by the Austrians. A hurried visit to Vienna enabled me to correct these impressions, and threw new and more favorable light upon the history, talents and ambition of this interesting young prince.

I was waiting one morning very patiently at the Hotel Munich in Vienna, for the arrival of my cicerone Max, of whose ability, honesty, and large experience the loquacious little landlord had been discoursing at great length. I had but a few days to scour the city in sight-seeing, and I desired the leadership of one whose comprehensive and discriminating knowledge of localities would enable him to concentrate my labor to a good purpose. Soon Max arrived. In outward appearance he was as finished a gentleman as one could desire to see. He evidently understood the influence of first impressions. His dress was faultless, and there was an air of quiet, elegant ease about him, reminding me very much of the well-known Henry Wickoff so strangely associated with the annals of English and American diplomacy. Max spoke English almost faultlessly, an accomplishment that I learned afterwards he had acquired while serving in the capacity of valet to an English nobleman in London, where he had resided several years. It did not take me long to arrange with this elegant personage the fees of office, which to my surprise were much more reasonable than I had a right to expect, from the proverbial character of Austrian guides for extortion.

Our first visit was to the subterranean chambers under the Church of the Capuchins, where the embalmed and buried majesties of the house of Hapsburg repose *without their bowels*, as all the interior arrangements of Austrian royalty, hermetically sealed in silver vases, find a resting-place in the Church of St. Augustine, or in the Cathedral of St. Stephen's, the heart and entrails being equally divided between them. In these vaults below the Church of the Capuchins, are the ninety-three imperial coffins, some of silver and some of bronze. Nothing in the way of a mausoleum could be finer than the bronze tomb erected in one of the vaulted chambers by the celebrated Maria Theresa for her husband, and within which she herself was afterward entombed. It is an immense sarcophagus of bronze, ornamented at the sides with raised work of pure silver representing the principal incidents of their lives. The half-reclining figures in bronze of the

royal pair upon the top, are most beautiful, and characterized by a sharpness of outline and elegance of finish not surpassed by any of modern execution. They are portrait-statues; and that noble presence and majestic look of the Empress, once so proverbial throughout Europe, are here most admirably preserved. A large medal of solid gold presenting the classic profile of one of her daughters, ornaments the foot of the tomb. This sarcophagus stands upon a lofty pedestal in the centre of this vaulted chamber, while round it, in decent order placed, are the bronze coffins of their children and grandchildren. In the next crypt lie Francis of Austria and his Empress, the parents of Maria Louisa, in a large bronze sarcophagus; while near upon the floor of the vault, may be seen the bronze coffins of Napoleon's second Empress, and that child of such brilliant hopes, but such unhappy destiny, the son of Napoleon, he who was to sustain the reputation of that house which 'the Rodolph of his race' had founded. Strange that the blood of the injured, insulted and persecuted Josephine should now quicken the pulses of him who at this moment occupies that throne, to obtain an heir for which she was so ruthlessly and cruelly thrust aside to make room for a daughter of the house of Hapsburg Lorraine. That Empress and her son both die exiles from France, while the grandson of the despised Josephine, and if rumor lies not, with not one drop of the Napoleon blood in his veins, now wields the sceptre of Napoleon, and restores the ancient glories of the name. Who shall say that God is not just, or that there is no Nemesis in history?

It was over the bronze coffin of this son of so many hopes, and of whose life the world seems to know as little as that of the famed 'Iron Mask,' that I learned from Max the following interesting incidents. I had spoken quite severely of the unnatural cruelty with which the young prince had been treated by those who were so nearly allied to him, when I was met by the indignant protest of Max, who denounced all these reports as the sheerest fabrications.

'He came to the halls of his maternal ancestors after the downfall of his father,' said my informant, 'with his education to be commenced and his character moulded. Of course it was the desire of his grandfather that he should be educated as a German prince, and if he manifested, as he grew older, any enthusiasm for the military spirit, it should be encouraged; but still it was held to be good policy to keep him dissevered from all communication or connection with the political agitators of France.'

'When I first saw the Prince, his frame had all the slenderness and fragility of infancy. There was a paleness of the cheek, and a languor in the expression of his eye that clearly indicated great delicacy of

constitution. At the time I first saw him, he was just springing into manhood, and took the greatest delight in military exercises, of which he was extravagantly fond, and in which he attained great proficiency. His strict and unremitting attention to his military duties, soon devoured his strength, and it was during the last month of his life, while sinking beneath the ravages of his disease, that I was called upon to attend him as his body-servant, and often did I wheel him about in his garden-chair among the leafy glades and quiet solitudes of Schönbrunn, attending him until he breathed his last in the same apartment that his father occupied when flushed with the glories of the conquest of Vienna. It was a cruel story; the Napoleonists circulated over Europe that the young Prince was poisoned by the order of his grandfather. Never did I behold such affection as that which existed between the aged Francis and his grandson. Never did a day pass during the last year of the grandson's life, when time could be spared from his duties, that his grandfather was not by his side for hours, lavishing on him the most endearing epithets, and the most devoted attention. The Prince was evidently very fond of his grandfather, and often used to speak of his affectionate attentions with tears in his eyes. I have said that he took great delight in military exercises. It was on the tenth of June, 1831, that the Prince was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel, and took the command of the Hungarian regiment then in garrison at Vienna. I was present with an immense crowd, who had come out from the city to witness the parade that was to inaugurate the event. It was very evident to all when he made his first appearance, that death would soon claim him for his own. He could hardly sit upright on his horse, but there was a fire in his eye, and a wonderful strength in the tones of his voice, that evinced how great the struggle was that his pride and will were making against his physical weakness. In him every thing announced the incipient symptoms of that fell disease which attacks more particularly the sensitive and the beautiful, and while the eye beams with fire, and the cheek glows with rosy freshness, is insidiously undermining health, and slowly but surely gnawing at the vitals. I heard Doctor Malgatti on this occasion, shortly after the drill, say to the Prince quite earnestly: 'Monsieur, I desire you to remember that you have a will of iron in a body of glass, and this indulgence of yours in such active exercise must in the end prove fatal.' The next day Malgatti considered it his duty to make a representation on the state of the Duke's health. Both patient and physician the day after were summoned into the imperial presence. Malgatti repeated his statement. The Emperor then turned to the young Prince and said: 'You will repair immediately to Schönbrunn.' The Prince bowed respectfully, but as he was raising his head, he gave a glance of ex-

cessive indignation toward the physician, and said in a low earnest tone, 'It is you who have put me under arrest,' then hurried away. It was but a few weeks after this, that I was called upon to attend him amid the quiet walks and pleasant retreats of Schönbrunn. The progress of his disease was most singularly rapid, being of that kind known as galloping consumption: but as each day I wheeled him about the grounds, and was an eye-witness to his patient endurance, his almost womanly gentleness, and fascinating affability of manner, my feelings of attachment for him grew stronger and stronger, so that when the destroyer claimed him, and his eyelids closed in death, I felt that I had lost my dearest friend, and wept like a child. I never observed his resemblance to his father so striking as it was a few hours after death, when he was laid out in his coffin. The face, as it often does in death, went back in its outline to the resemblance to the great Emperor, which when a child in his cradle was said to have been so remarkable.

'He was passionately fond of reading every thing pertaining to the history of his illustrious parent, and had read almost every thing that had been written concerning him. He had accumulated a perfect library, in every language, of biographies of Napoleon, with treatises on all his important battles. To Prince Metternich he is said to have often remarked: 'The essential object of my life should be, not to make myself unworthy of the glory of my distinguished father. I hope to be able to reach this point, and must try to appropriate his high qualities, taking care to avoid the rocks upon which he was shattered.'

'One morning a short time before his death, while I was wheeling him about the grounds, he said to me: 'Max, my good fellow, how I abominate this wretched body that thus sinks under my will.' As he said this, there was a fire in his eye, and a compression about the lips that reminded me strongly of the first Emperor. The burden of his conversation while I was with him was about his father and his campaigns, and he would converse about them without showing any signs of weariness, whereas upon any other subject he soon became listless and fatigued. One morning in speaking of Waterloo, he said: 'I have often wondered my father did not follow the advice of my uncle and perish there at the head of his guards; what a glorious death this would have been, and what a magnificent close to his brilliant career! Ah! those perfidious English; why could they not have treated him with that magnanimity with which I know he would have treated their great Wellington, had the fortune of war thrown him into my father's hands?'

'His familiarity with every incident in his father's life was perfectly marvellous, and it was to me a constant source of delight to hear him

expatiate upon the great conceptions of Napoleon, and listen to his well-digested and appreciative criticisms upon some of his military achievements. He appeared to be perfectly familiar with the locality of every battle-field where his father's eagles had witnessed triumph or defeat : while his knowledge of the prominent traits distinguishing each of the Marshals by whom his father was surrounded, exhibited what application he had brought to bear upon this his favorite study. The last week of his life that he was able to take exercise in the open air, he appeared contrary to the usual impressions produced by this insidious disease, to be impressed with the belief that he was soon to die : but his only anxiety about a future state seemed to rest upon the doubt that sometimes haunted him, as to whether he should be able to recognize his father in the other world. He indulged in curious speculations as to his father's employment in a future state, whether he would find a field for the exercise of his military genius ; and frequently repeated the German poem that gives permanency to the superstition of the old soldiers of the empire, that the good Emperor reappears at midnight on the anniversary of his birth, to hold a review ; and more particularly would he repeat, and that with emphatic delight, the verses :

'AND when midnight robes the sky,
The Emperor leaves his tomb,
And rides along, surrounded by
His shadowy staff, in the gloom.

'A silver star so bright,
Is glittering on his breast ;
In a uniform of blue and white,
And a gray camp-cloak he is dressed.

'The moon-beams shine afar,
On the various marshaled groups,
As 'The Man' with the glittering silver star
Proceeds to review his troops.

'In files the troops advance,
And then are no longer seen ;
The challenging watch-word given is '*France*,'
The answer is *St. Helène*.'

'The two last verses seemed to be great favorites with him, and he repeated them with a spirit and an energy that was delightful to listen to, and would have filled the soul of the author with rapture.'

In alluding to Maria Louisa, Max said that her attentions were unremitting during her son's illness, and he breathed his last sigh in her arms ; but that she always appeared to him as very indifferent to the memory of her distinguished husband, an indifference clearly mani-

fested by her second marriage with one very inferior to herself in rank, and possessing no attractions, either of mind or person.

My informant ceased his interesting narrative, and we continued for some time wandering through this subterranean city of dead kings, queens, and princes, every now and then reading some familiar historic name upon the coffin's lid that brought up memories of mailed knights and warrior-kings in battle slain, or dying by the assassin's knife, the strangling cord or the poisoned bowl. It was the very spot where one, like Skakspeare's unhappy king, might have told

'SAD stories of the death of kings:
How some have been deposed, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed,
Some poisoned by their wives, some sleeping killed.'

I emerged from the damp vaults of the Capuchins with new and more agreeable impressions of the son of the great Napoleon, and with more charitable notions concerning some of the house of Hapsburg-Lorraine now mouldering there.

The life of him who in his cradle had been saluted with the title of King of Rome, was brief; but brief as it was, it served as a most withering satire upon human ambition. He will simply be regarded in history as *le fils de l'homme*, and as such let him rest, the last victim to the restless ambition of Napoleon the Great.

THE SHADOW UPON SUNNYSIDE.

'Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari Capitis.'

O EARTH, Earth! sorrowing by the solstice glide,
The heavens have 'reft thee of a darling pride,
And an immortal element so rare,
It seemed the very soul of sun and air,
Whose gentle glory, every thing it kissed,
Tipped with a tinting of Auroral mist:
Sweet soul of IRVING! charity and cheer!
Divine quintessence of the smile and tear!
Oh! wail and weep the tears of MEMORY;
Earth, clad in mourning, claim thy legacy!

I L I O N .

THERE are two periods to which the mind of reflective man continuously reverts in his unquenching thirst after the knowledge from which his original progenitor was excluded on account of his weakness and proneness to disobedience; the distant Past, the uncertain Future. Helpless, hopeless, and despondent in the latter, he directs his anxious thoughts to the only source left him, to that other period which is so full of rich experience to the seeker after knowledge. In it only does he find facts on which to depend, like so many rounds in the ladder of improvement, in which to ascend once more to the original state.

Wide as may be the chasm separating the beautiful from the good, the imaginary from the true, the inspirations of the poet from the conclusions of the historian, the former only bear the test of time in the ratio of their truthfulness to nature, and to those certain and unbending laws which possess an attractive influence upon mankind, leading onward and upward to their great omnipotent SOURCE. All before him is a thickening mist, inviting yet receding, like the figure of the guardian angel in the picture of life. When he looks behind him downward into the depths of the Past, invoking the spirits of the long since dead, and, as it were, imploring the aid and benefit of their attainments, like the *ghost conjured by Macbeth*, they rise up to warn, as well as to reveal.

Of the various localities, celebrated as much by the perceptions of the poet as by the real occurrences in which man has acted his part on our little globe, there are none perhaps more worthy of the footsteps of his successors than Ilion. Notwithstanding that every trace of his deeds has long since been obliterated, and nothing now remains to verify the tale of the past, but the landmarks of nature, forming as it were the outlines of the picture so vividly, so undyingly, drawn by the imagination of Homer, with the *Iliad* as a guide, the whole tragic scene is readily called up before the mental vision of the visitor, who, like an ardent pilgrim to the shrine of his devotions, finds inspiration from the hallowed soil, over which his steps are bent.

While it cannot be doubted that the various and eminent beauties of nature which surround the Ilion of Priam; the open sea, with its lovely isles, the coast not high enough for sublimity, but sufficiently so for beauty; the receding plain, the gently rising hills, and the more distant, lofty mountains of the Idean range, must have had their due weight in the source from which he drew his ever-to-be-admired inspirations; yet how seldom has the poet alluded to them. With the tenderest expressions of natural emotion, and the most vivid repre-

sentations of human passion, nature was considered by Homer but an accessory ; and it is in space, as well as time, that the visitor finds inaccuracies in his delineations. Human figures and human actions are almost exclusively his theme.

Iliou certainly occupied one of the most remarkable localities on the face of the globe. Around it had occurred some of the greatest acts in the drama of human existence. Syria, Egypt, Greece, were close by it, and the finest Archipelago lay spread before it. The genius of the ancient Greek extended to the whole country around it, and the highest intelligence of man gave vitality to Asia Minor, then the garden of the world.

Travellers from Europe, when visiting the Troad, used to sail along the coast from Smyrna, and after passing Lesbos and the Gulf of Adrymit, and the promontory of Assos, land somewhere near the ruins of Alexander Troas, which they often mistook for Troy itself. Steam was then not much in use, and either the visit had to be limited to a few hours' duration, or the visitor, after a longer stay, continued on his way to Stamboul by land to the Dardanelles, Galipoli, Rodosto, etc. Now, the usual manner of visiting Iliou is to land from a steamer at the Dardanelles, and thence proceed along the Trojan coast to that part which is nearest the site of that celebrated spot, and so, after a couple of hours' ride to cross the plain near the Scamander, and thus attain the object of the pilgrimage. Another way is to procure horses at the Dardanelles, and ride over a varied route, in nearly a direct line, across the country in a south-east direction to the site of Homer's Iliou. The latter, though the most laborious, is perhaps the most instructive and interesting, as it leads the visitor over many hallowed spots of ancient lore. He may then return in a boat along the coast.

For thirty or forty miles around the plain of Troy, every step is fruitful in historic or classic recollections. From the 'broad Hellespont,' as you sail along the coast, your eye fondly rests upon such places as Orphymium, Rhæteum, Thymbrea, the tomb of Ajax, the mouth of the Scamander, and the tombs of Patrocles and Achilles, Sigeum, and other spots, all belonging to the history of Iliou. If you go across the country, you meet with the ruins of 'Iliou recens,' the tomb of Æsytis, and ride along the banks of the Scamander, until you reach the hill on which once stood the Pergama, a strong castle of Priam.

Near the Dardanelles the country is hilly and covered with trees and brushwood, in which wild animals conceal themselves during the day; and spread havoc among the timid flocks of the poor herdsmen who have succeeded to the heritage of the once warlike sons of Priam. Poverty strikes the eye on all sides ; miserable villages and wretched huts are scattered here and there on his route ; and the haggard and

sallow countenances show the prevalence of the intermittent fevers which desolate the plain quite as sadly as did the armies of the Grecians.

Centuries have passed over the celebrated plain, obliterating almost every vestige of the towns, fortresses, edifices, even the tumuli of the heroes long since became dust, and their wayward spirits returned to their CREATOR. Although there is much to prove the correctness of the descriptions of Homer, more of deeds and scenes than of nature, doubts have existed in the minds of some, that Ilion ever was here. If, however, it did not exist here, it existed no where else, for no spot upon the globe possesses the same hills, streams, seaboard and isles that are found here. To the impartial visitor there cannot be a doubt of the spots mentioned by Homer; and if he wishes to enjoy his pilgrimage, he should go to them with a believing heart and a perfect confidence in his classic poem, and the results of the researches made by its devout students.

The Scamander and the Simoes, like the Tiber of Rome and the Arno of Florence, are less celebrated by their dimensions than their history, or rather the history of the scenes which have occurred on their banks. They have their rise in the distant Idean chain, of which the summits may be distinctly seen from the site of Ilion. Near the loftiest peak of Mount Gargarus is a cave of unknown extent, from which gushes a stream of pure and icy cold water: rushing down the mountain side, it forms innumerable cascades of much beauty, and its eddies are filled with silver trout. Descending to the valley below, it loses its limpid character and, mixed up with earthy particles, flows sluggishly toward the distant sea. At different points it assumes different names. As it gushes from the mountain summit, the Greeks call it *Ayásmá Soo*, and fancy it is a holy fountain dedicated to the 'Panaiya,' or Virgin Mary, who, with them as with the pious Catholics, has superseded any higher source of salvation and eternal happiness. In the valley it becomes the *Mendere Soo* of the Turks, a word which is the origin of the term *meandering* in the English language. It laves the patrimony of Æneas, and the town which still bears his name, wretched houses, both Mussulman and Greek, amid masses of ruins, stones cut from the adjacent mountain, which have survived, as it were, the injuries of man and of the elements.

From Æneas the Simoes continues its course along the valley, a crooked and turbid stream, varied by occasional compressure between hills which rival each to embrace its classic waters, until it reaches the elevation on which once stood the Pergama, a fortified residence of Priam.

Strabo entertained the impression that the kingdom of Troy extended from the Sea of Marmora over a considerable extent of country

inland, along the Hellespont, the Archipelago, and far beyond the Idean chain, in which is the source of the Simoes. Most of the names which he mentions in describing it, no longer exist, and it is extremely difficult even to ascertain his localities. The position and resources of Ilion must naturally have given it great consequence among the powers then existing, and rendered it a formidable rival to the Grecians. Priam certainly commanded the passage of the Straits, and could easily render his power embarrassing to all of the people of the *Ægean Sea*. From his elevated residence he could command a prospect of great extent around it, seaward—even behold the peak of Athos, almost one hundred miles off.

From the Pergama to the sea the Simoes seems to have changed its name to Scamander. It here is a finer stream; compressed between two hills, it gains in speed, and is quite a respectable brook. The banks are precipitous, and those of the Pergama are so steep as to need no defence. In modern warfare the strong place of Priam would easily fall before shot and shell, but javelins from the opposite height could not disturb it. Down this steep bank are still to be seen the remains of a passage, used no doubt for the purpose of procuring water when besieged on the side facing the plain. On the summit of the hill are also to be seen many large hewn blocks of stone, deep excavations, and other strong evidences of the existence, at a remote period, of the habitation of man. The ascent from the stream is rugged and tedious, but of so much interest to the visitor, that he heeds it not. The view from the summit is sufficient to explain what some have deemed discrepancies in the narrative of the *Ilion*. Sloping down to the plain, the eye rests upon a group of tall poplars and a few oaks, and beholds a little stream issuing from them to join the Scamander. This has its rise in the ‘cold and warm springs’ mentioned by Homer. They were evidently beyond the wall which protected the Pergama from approach by the plain. Masses of hewn rock still mark the line of this defence.

I shall never forget the feelings with which I looked down, for the first time, from the site of the Pergama, over the many interesting points on the plain, which I had already visited. I could distinctly trace the course of the Scamander down to its mouth in the sea, near the Turkish castle of Kum Kalay. I picture to myself some of the great scenes so beautifully described in the *Iliad*. Around me were probably the tombs of Priam’s sons; where we stood the noble-hearted Hector prepared for battle, and was addressed by his father:

—‘THE sage

Who strikes his reverend head, now white with age:

Oh! stay not, stay not, guardless and alone,

HECTOR, my loved, my dearest, bravest son!

Methinks already I behold thee slain
And stretched beneath the fury of the plain,
Implacable ACHILLES.'

I fancied I heard the parting tones of his mother's plaintive voice, who

'THE zone unlaced, her bosom she displayed,
And thus, fast falling the salt tears, she said :
'Have mercy on me, O my son ! reverse
The words of age, attend a parent's prayer !
If ever thee in these fond arms I pressed,
Or stilled thy infant clamor at this breast,
Ah ! do not thus our helpless years forego,
But, by our walls secured, repel the foe.
Against his rage, if singly thou proceed,
Shouldst thou (but HEAVEN avert it !) should'st thou bleed !
Nor must thy corse lie honored on the bier,
Nor spouse nor mother grace thee with a tear ;
Far from our pious rites those dear remains
Must feed the vulture on the naked plains.'

I could see the fierce Achilles, bent on wreaking revenge for the loss of his bosom-friend Patrocles, (whose remains lie under the tumuli near the sea-shore, along which we passed in the commencement of this humble article,) march out to meet Hector, win the chase, which must, equally to Homer, have brought them near the spot where I stood, for he says :

'No less for right the rapid chase they held,
One winged by fury, one by fear impelled ;
Now circling round the walls, their course maintain
Where the high watch-tower overlooks the plain.'

The strength of Hector fails, his nerves give way ; the great Achilles seizes his javelin, or lance, and hastens to strike his victim ; 'great Hector falls,' and the son of Hecuba and Priam expires from a wound between the neck and throat.

'To the dark realms the spirit wings its way,
The manly body left a load of clay,
And plaintive glides along the dreary coast,
A naked, wandering, melancholy ghost.
Meanwhile, ye sons of Greece, in triumph bring
The corse of HECTOR, and your pæans sing ;
Be this the song, slow moving toward the shore,
HECTOR is dead, and Ilion is no more.'

I picture to myself Priam and his family in the Pergama, the ruins of which surrounded me, viewing the heart-rending scene which ensued ; Hector attached to the car of his vanquisher and trailed over the plain, *along* the wall below me, and not *around* it, as Pope translates the phrase ; the agony of the aged mother casting off her royal

veils, rending her tresses, and bewailing the bitter fate of her dead son ; the groans of the father, his heart rent with grief, which

‘ DRIVES him to-and-fro
With all the raging impotence of woe.’

I did not forget the fair Andromache, whose tender parting from her husband is so touchingly described in the latter part of the sixth chapter of the *Iliad*. Near where I stood she had plied her ‘ melancholy loom,’ and her handmaids prepared the bath for her husband’s return, when she heard her mother’s lamentations. Distracted with fear, she flies to the dome of her dwelling, mounts the walls now crumbled beneath my feet, casts a hasty look down the gentle declivity leading to the ‘ cold and warm ’ springs, and seeing the dreadful scene of her dead husband dragged along the ground :

‘ A SUDDEN darkness shades her swerving eyes,
She faints, she fails, her breath, her color flies.’

Withdrawing my eyes from the animated scene which Hector’s death must have occasioned on the plain, and even among the Grecian shipping in the mouth of the Scamander, now filled up by the alluvial deposits from the plain and valley beyond, I imagine Priam King of Ilion, the heart-broken father, descend from the Pergama, and falling prostrate before Achilles, embrace his knees, bathe his hands in tears, and beg the dead body of the best, the bravest of his sons. I behold the wife and mother, frantic with despair, kiss the pale cheek of the departed hero ; all Ilion move out of the Seian gate, at the foot of the hill, to meet the mourning train ; the lamentations of the beauteous Helen for her gallant and brave defender ; the preparation of the funeral pyre, the burning of the body, the erection, over the ashes, of the mound or tomb, by which I stood to picture out the scene ; and thus the conclusion of the

—— ‘ HONORS Ilion to her hero paid,
And peaceful slept the mighty HECTOR’s shade.’

T H R E N O D I A .

DEAD ! dead !
Just as the darling had come to know
The face of her mother who loved her so,
She faded away from our aching sight,
Like a star that is drowned in the morning light.

Dead ! dead !
And nothing is left of her now but the shell
That held her pure spirit. Ah ! well, well,
God knows what is best, or to smite or to spare
And the lamb is safe in the SHEPHERD’S care.
Dead ! dead !

CHINESE SKETCHES.

BY JOHN K. DUER, UNITED STATES NAVY.

CHINESE MUSIC.

IN music, (if that can be called music which is composed of the most discordant sounds it is possible to imagine,) the Chinese are not only behind the age, but behind two or three hundred ages back. They have no very great variety of instruments; and therefore seem to have it in view to make up in noise what they lack in number. These consist chiefly of gongs, cymbals, a diminutive drum, two stringed instruments, a wired instrument, three wind instruments, and the tum-tum. Their gongs and cymbals are original, and the best in the world. The little drum is made of pig-skin, and sounds like a pair of very loud castanets, with the addition of a sort of ringing noise. One stringed instrument is like a lute, and the other, (called by the Portuguese *viola*,) is a small violin with but three strings. The wired instrument is a thin harp-shaped box, having brass wires drawn across it, like the strings of a piano-forte; this is laid horizontally, and played upon with two bamboo sticks. Two of the wind instruments are of brass. One resembles a clarionet in shape, and the bag-pipes in tone; the other, a large base instrument, resembles nothing that I know of in shape, and the lowing of a distressed cow in sound. The third wind instrument is a flute, closely akin to ours. The tum-tum is from India, and is somewhat like our small drum.

The musical scale of the Chinese consists of only five notes, instead of seven, and their music is not written on five lines like ours, but in perpendicular columns, like the characters in their books. The elevation or depression of tones is indicated by distinctive names. They have no semi-tones, and hence arises a tedious monotony of sound. There is said to be a resemblance between the Chinese melodies and the ancient Scottish airs. If this be so, Scotch music in the days of Ossian must have been much ruder than it has ever yet been represented, for of all unearthly sounds, Chinese singing is perhaps the most unearthly. There is no noise like it. Those who have attended a genuine Chinese theatrical performance, have had a specimen of how the men acquit themselves in song; but Chinese music can only be heard to perfection by strolling through the narrow streets of a Chinese town. Men, women and children all strain their voices to the utmost pitch, and give out a sort of double-fortified squeaking falsetto. The singers are usually accompanied by the *viola*, and sometimes by the pig-skin drum likewise. One's tympanum throbs and thrums as

though a dozen fairies were beating upon it. Yet the Chinese have their Jenny Linds, Grisis and Sontags; their Lablaches and Tambur-ininis. They have their 'infant phenomena,' too, who, if they keep their lungs whole until arriving at mature age, certainly deserve the name. You are frequently called upon to admire what in any other place than a Chinese town you would suppose to be an imitation of the piteous complaint of a pig jammed under a gate; being all the time in a state of nervous excitement, lest the warbler should break a blood-vessel in your presence.

Unlike our private singers at home, the Chinese need no pressing to 'favor' a company with a song. On the contrary, the performances are generally voluntary, and the performers never give the excuse of cough or cold. In truth, a slight cold is rather an improvement upon their style. The willingness with which they entertain you in this respect is only equalled by the evident vanity of the singers, or the exulting pride of the by-standers of celestial origin. 'That booty?' one will ask; and others, 'How you likee dat?' 'What you tinkee dat?' 'Merican side can sing so booty?' To all of which it must be your invariable rule to give the expected answers, or you will immediately find yourself involved in a discussion in their horrible lingo, called Pigeon-English, of which you are sure to have the worst, for the odds are too strong against you.

So long as a Chinese songstress can keep herself surrounded by listeners she will sing; and I believe really that singing in a Chinese town, like the reveille and tattoo of Great Britain around the world, never ceases. Their favorite hour is just at the close of twilight. When all else is still, and silence would reign with darkness, howls and squeals begin to float upon the air; at first low and indistinct, but soon loud, confused and piercing. Almost every other door-step is thronged with noisy musicians, (your pardon, Euterpe!) and their eager and admiring listeners. From windows and casements come the tones of more delicate and retired singers, beatifying a select party within. Every group has at least one 'infant phenomenon,' the gentle cadence of whose voice may occasionally be heard, followed by exclamations of astonishment and delight, repeated perhaps for the hundredth time. Be the theme of any song plaintive or gay, the tune seems to be much the same, and at times a hideous chorus will startle you into the belief that fiends are let loose upon earth.

According to my observation, the gong and cymbals form the principal part of the performances at public 'sing-songs' and theatres. The energy with which the performers call the undoubted powers of their instruments into requisition is distressing to barbarians. Amid embroidered silks, tinsel, painted lanterns, gilding, and fire-crackers, your thoughts are savagely monopolized by the gong and cymbals.

Once in a long while the other more modest, but no less grating instruments may be heard, but only for a moment. Just as you begin to fancy you can discover something like a turn to a tune, *tong, tung, ching, crash, ting* go the gong and cymbals. And such is Chinese music.

It was at Cumsingmün, a small fishing and smuggling village, that I first entered a Chinese theatre. This was but a temporary edifice. For several days many persons were engaged in erecting an immense frail-looking building, which, when completed, was indeed a singular structure. There was not a nail in it; but the whole frame was built of bamboo lashed with ratan. The roof was of palm-leaf, and the sides, which were ornamented with some of the most remarkable paintings I ever saw, were of matting: altogether it was an ingenious contrivance. The theatre drew together a great concourse of people from the neighboring towns and villages, and for a week Cumsingmün was quite gay. The company performing was from Canton, and it was said by the long-tailed critics that they played their parts tolerably well. Although amused, I was not much interested in the Chinese plays, of course. These appeared always to be operatic dramas or dramatic operas, and to me there came nothing but confused, undreamt-of sounds, led by squeaking voices. The clarionet-like instrument, which seemed to have taken a severe cold, kept up a running accompaniment with every singer, while the rest of the instruments, stoutly supported by squibs and fire-crackers, performed their parts in a manner entirely satisfactory to the celestial audience.

I have seen in China a musical box manufactured at Geneva, which plays all the Chinese airs. These are four in number. But from this one does not obtain a positively correct idea of the music of the celestials, for the instrument is so much more harmonious in tone than any they have, that although the airs themselves are faithfully preserved throughout, they are disguised.

‘PIGEON-ENGLISH.’

IN an attempt at the pronunciation of many English words, the Chinese frequently convert them into others of the same language. This is particularly and more perceptibly the case with regard to the word *business*; which, when turned out by a Chinese tongue, becomes *pigeon*: sometimes spelt *pidjin*. Hence comes *Pigeon-English*, a gibberish introduced into China, by which all transactions with foreigners are arranged. It is not only bad, or rather execrable English, but it has actually become a language of itself. It will not do to address a Chinese merchant or shop-keeper in English proper, and expect him to understand you, permitting him, of course, to use the gibberish;

but it is necessary to adopt this peculiar mode of addressing all Chinamen thrown in immediate contact with foreigners.

Pigeon-English, or *Inglissee-talkee*, is composed of English words, having, for the most part, Portuguese terminations, to which a few real words of Portuguese and fewer of Chinese are added. But all this must be tumbled into the awkward idioms of the Chinese, and great care is required in speaking it, for many words which we use in one sense, the Chinese understand in another. The language, as it then stands, is the very perfection of absurdity. Besides, the Chinese experience much difficulty in properly pronouncing some of our consonants in certain positions, and will frequently transpose an *l* for an *n*, an *r* for an *l*, etc. etc.

The more thoroughly to explain what I mean, and to give the reader a further insight into this ludicrous peculiarity of a portion of the celestial beings who inhabit the flowery kingdom, I will, with his permission, imagine myself shopping in company with him, up and down old and new China streets, in Canton, at a time previous to the destruction of its factories by the natives, and the capture of the city by the English.

First, then, we want to buy some lacquered-ware, and, for this purpose, enter the shop of Hipqua in New China-street.

‘How you do, Hipqua?’

‘Welly wen, tankee; how you do?’

‘I well. What have got?’

Here I might as well mention that you should never ask immediately for what you want of a Chinese shop-keeper, for experience has taught many that it makes a difference of two or three hundred per cent in the price. What you are actually in search of, should be stumbled upon accidentally, as it were, and the price asked as though it were done as a mere matter of curiosity. Yet the part must be well played, for these fellows are keen observers. But to our conversation.

The invariable reply to the above question is:

‘Anyting hab got. What ting want yee?’

‘I no sabee; lettee my see something.’

Here many articles are produced, and we will suppose that we—that is, the reader and myself—want a nest of *tea-poy*s, or small tea-tables.

‘How muchee this cigar-boxee?’

‘Oh! dat cigar-boxee! dat tree quart dollar.’

‘Too muchee. More cheap have got?’

‘No; more cheap no got.’

‘Can catchee one all same that, half dollar.’

‘No; no all de same.’

‘Yes!’

‘Where can catchee?’

‘In Old China-street.’

‘Ay, yah! no can. Spose you want yee, my can catchee one, hap dollar; no so good dissee.’

‘What for you talkee my so fashion; no occasion. My sabee proper price.’

‘No, you no sabee proper price.’

‘Ay, yah! why you no talkee my proper pigeon?’

‘My talkee proper pigeon. Teeruly, my talkee proper price.’

Now you take up a work-box or something else, and very much the same conversation ensues. Then we say, ‘Good day, Hipqua;’ to which he replies, ‘Goo’ bye!’ But suddenly we perceive peeping out from a yellow paper covering the legs of some tea-poys. Without turning round, but continuing toward the door, one of us asks: ‘How muchee tea-poy all same that?’

Hipqua’s manner instantly undergoes a change, if we play our parts as we should, and, instead of appearing indifferent as before, he shows great anxiety to make a bargain.

‘You want yee?’

‘No, no want yee.’

‘Stop! makee look see.’ The paper is stripped from the legs and the top, and you see before you the very thing you want. But you must endeavor to control even the expression of your countenance, or the cunning old rogue will detect you. ‘Ah!’ he continues, ‘dat nummer one; fus chop. Wenny cheap, too cheapee.’

‘My tinkee that cargo-pigeon’—*cargo-pigeon* meaning an article made for exportation.

‘No! can seekeure dat no cargo-pigeon. You likee, no likee?’

‘How muchee?’

‘How muchee you gib?’

And now, probably, a very good bargain is struck.

From Hipqua’s we go to a shop for the sale of curiosities, and overhaul and appear delighted with every thing, except that which we desire to purchase.

‘First chop curios have got, my tinkee.’

‘Yes,’ rejoins old Mauchow, ‘nummer one curio.’

‘How long tim have catchee this curio?’ we ask, looking at some carved images of little value with great earnestness.

‘Hab catchee he two day, no more.’

This, of course, you know to be a fib.

‘My tinkee he olo.’

‘No! no olo; he new.’

‘What side he come from?’

‘Pekin.’

Another. We know that they were made about two streets off. However, you profess to want some of them very much; the shop-keeper demands an enormous price; you demur; he comes down one-quarter, then one-half; you tell him it is too late now, and as you are leaving the shop, you—accidentally, to all appearance—almost stumble over the thing you desire, and about which, as at Hipqua’s, you do not seem at all earnest. Your bargain is made, and we depart. All this has not been done, the reader doubtlessly understands, without much the same sort of conversation as that described in our visit to the other shop.

From the curiosity-shop we go to others, and, in like manner, make our purchases.

The boat-men and boat-women, the servants of the different residences, the coolies about the hongs, and all who have any intercourse with foreigners are adepts in this business-lingo. The French, Spanish, and Portuguese, and the Parsees, Armenians, and Asiatic Jews residing in China, though they may be entirely unacquainted with the English language, soon learn to speak fluently in pigeon-English. In fact, it is impossible to do business without learning it.

If my reader will continue with me a few minutes longer, I will introduce him into the house of a foreign resident of China, whom we will suppose to be a man of family of the name of Smith. Well then, we ring the bell, and the servant appears. Now, in most of the residences of foreigners in China the drawing-rooms and parlors, and dining-rooms, too, are above the ground-floor, and all up-stairs is designated as ‘top-side,’ while down-stairs is known as ‘bottom-side.’ Of course we ask for the lady. ‘Misee have got?’

If the lady be not at home, the reply of the long-tailed domestic is, ‘No got;’ if the contrary—which we will suppose to be the case in this instance—he will say: ‘Misee hab got top-side.’ After this answer we soon wind our way up to her presence, and after making ourselves agreeable, if we can, for a little while, we are about to go, when she politely insists on our remaining to *tiffin*, and rings the bell. Upon the entrance of the servant, you just have time to wonder if those sweet lips are to be polluted by pigeon-English, when out it comes:

‘Boy’—every Chinese man-servant is a boy, be he old as Methusalem—‘catchee chow-chow top-side chop-chop.’ Which means, bring luncheon up-stairs immediately.

This all sounds oddly enough at first, but the ear soon accustoms itself to pigeon-English, even when the words are uttered by lovely woman.

CHINESE SOLDIERY.

It is not very long since a war between England and France on the one side, and China on the other, was brought to a close. The result of this was a compact favorable to all Christendom. In view of this event, I have thought that it might not be uninteresting to the readers of the old KNICKERBOCKER to learn the character of the armies with which the forces of these two great allied powers were brought in conflict. Having some years ago become acquainted with the peculiarities of those to whom the defence of the Flowery Kingdom is confided, this information I shall endeavor to impart to others.

Perhaps no people in the world more deserve the *soubriquet* of 'tag-rag-and-bob-tail' than those persons who compose the less invincible than noisy and turbulent armies of China. Their shaved heads and long queues, tattered loose trowsers and jackets, primitive and almost useless weapons, and the generally grotesque and filthy appearance they present, render them subjects of ridicule to the outside barbarians; and why they should be so, is incomprehensible to the celestial warriors. They suppose themselves superior to any troops in the world, and well designed by their imposing aspect, when drawn up in battle-array, to strike terror to the hearts of their stoutest adversaries. Yet they know that they are laughed at; they know that they have been not only defeated, but whipped most outrageously by Christians, and may be again; but notwithstanding this, their insuperable vanity will not permit them for one moment to admit the superiority in arms of any other nation — even to themselves. One would fancy from this that they might be imbued with something like a spirit for conflict; but alas! they are, except when fighting against each other, the veriest cowards, I sincerely believe, of all God's creatures. This may arise in a measure from the knowledge of the fact that they are far behind western armies in their implements of warfare, although they never would allow that this were so in the presence of a foreigner.

I once saw a review and parade of Chinese troops, and can with truth aver that it was one of the most diverting spectacles I ever beheld in my life. First came banners, gongs, a detachment of cavalry, composed of three or four awkward riders on as many shaggy and stumbling ponies, a field-piece, looking as though it might be more formidable to friends than foes, and a general officer in a sedan chair, surrounded by his staff. Following these was a body of about a thousand men, being infantry and artillery agreeably interspersed, free from the restraint of any rule or order of march. Then succeeded more banners, more gongs, and more cavalry, in the midst of which was the commander-in-chief, in an immense double sedan-chair, borne

by eight coolies, likewise surrounded by his staff, and having immediately in his rear a corps of twenty chosen men, armed with percussion muskets. Next came a perfect avalanche of old rusty cannon, mounted on field-carriages that would go sideways, as they were dragged along by some of the rear-guard. An officer mounted on a particularly lazy white pony, and sitting on the end of his own queue, seemed to have the command of these; and it was with difficulty that his war-steed could avoid injury in consequence of the eccentric manoeuvres of the crab-like artillery. Last came what should have been first, (but the Chinese always reverse every thing,) a corps of pioneers. Or, if they were not pioneers, I am at a loss what to call them.

The uniform of the Chinese soldiers is by no means the least amusing of their peculiarities. The jacket they wear is of the approved celestial pattern, and generally red. On both front and back there is a white patch, having inscribed upon it in black sometimes the number or name of the regiment, but more frequently the Chinese character signifying savage intrepidity, or bravery to recklessness. The intention of this is, that the enemy shall be awed, when the Chinese themselves are either on the advance or retreat. Upon their heads they seem to toss the cast-off caps of mandarins. Their trowsers are either plain white, or black oiled cotton, made full in the legs, and sagging down behind like an empty sack. Besides, they are generally torn, and flutter from their legs in the breeze, like pennons from the masts of a junk.

There are but few fire-arms to be found among the Chinese armies, and those are, in general of the rudest kind. They have the old match-lock and fire-lock; muskets being very rarely used by them. Not, I presume, on account of any difficulty in obtaining these arms, but because, as in every thing, the prejudices and great attachment to established customs of the Chinese are paramount to all else. Their weapons consist chiefly of the bow and arrow, the lance, the javelin, the mace, and one resembling an immense cheese-knife on a long pole, and another a trident. The two last-named are called the *cow-lin* and *pah*, and are said to be formidable at close quarters. They carry also the double short-sword, which they use, it must be confessed, with great dexterity. But, after all, the great weapons of the Chinese soldiery are *noise* and confusion. Gong-sounding, cracker and squib-firing, the clash and clatter of arms, and the prattle of tongues, besides yells, and various feats of a gymnastic character, which are of no ordinary skill or activity, they seem to regard as a sure means of intimidating an advancing foe. In this they have had fatal instances of their egregious error of late; yet they adhere steadfastly to the old tactics, and I suppose ever will.

A Chinese warrior then is not, upon the whole, a very dangerous

person, although, like a rat when cornered, he will fight. Otherwise, he appears to be very well satisfied with the waving of banners and small flags, the sounding of gongs, and the occasional discharge of a rude fire-arm, or in lieu of that, a summons or two. Great victories have frequently been reported by generals after such an extraordinary demonstration as this by their armies. Among the imperialist and rebel troops I have seen thousands engaged on both sides for hours at a time, when the little damage sustained on either side was incredible. Yet there were occasions when both armies fought well, though neither of them would have stood before Europeans or Americans.

O P I U M.

THE opium trade in China has been legalized. But as it was conducted of late years, it was most absurd to call it smuggling. Beside fast-sailing ships to fetch the 'drug,' as it is termed by the importers and dealers, from Calcutta and other ports of India, the steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental Company openly engaged in the traffic. All the smuggling that was done commenced subsequently to its arrival on the Chinese coast, and for this purpose small clippers and Chinese vessels, technically termed 'smug-boats,' were employed.

The prohibition of the use of opium by the government of China was merely nominal after all; for many facilities were allowed foreigners for its introduction — not only at the verge, but within the precincts of the country — and some of the mandarin-boats, whose duty it is to watch the interests of the revenue and prevent all smuggling, frequently became, by bribery, the means of conveying it some distance toward the interior.

For the reception of opium on its arrival from India, vessels, called receiving-ships, were anchored in several harbors. From these it was re-shipped into the smaller craft, and finally found its way throughout the empire and continued its havoc. The five ports opened after the first war between Great Britain and China, as well as Hong-Kong and Cum-sing-mün, (a small harbor about fourteen miles from Macao,) were *entrepôts* for opium. There was scarcely a mercantile house of any standing in China but what was engaged in this trade; nor was this regarded as a derogation. Millions were invested in it, and millions made by it; and its prices and sales were quoted, as now, in the newspapers of India and China as regularly as the prices and sales of stocks at home.

That the continual use of opium is destructive, the reader need not be informed. Yet he can have no conception of the ravages it is committing in China. The families distressed, the widows and orphans thrown upon the cold, unfeeling world, and the estates squandered by

means of the pernicious poppy, it is not attempted to number. How completely lost is the imagination while contemplating this! In a country where the population can only be guessed at — so vast, so extensive, as to seem to its inhabitants without limits — misery and sorrow must, under any circumstances, walk uncontrolled in its midst. But when a powerful enemy, the companion of death, wearing the semblance of a friend, insinuates himself within the threshold, temptation is followed by decay, and thousands are abandoned and thousands lost.

With the rebels, who pretend to be Christians, drinking to excess, and smoking either tobacco or opium, are contrary, they believe, to the laws of both God and man. And they have added an eleventh commandment in their twentieth chapter of Exodus, which is: 'Thou shalt not use opium.' Among the enthusiasts this is, perhaps, all very well, but the masses only seem to regard these as crimes on account of the punishment they bring with them from the magistrates. Hoping to obtain a little insight into their belief in these matters, I once asked some of the people — that is, the genuine *οἱ πολλοί* — through an interpreter, why they never drank nor smoked? The answer was, in all cases, because they would be *bamboosed*.

'And why,' continued I, 'do you not smoke opium?'

'Oh!' they replied, 'we should be beheaded if we did that!'

Just as though a man at home had said: 'I do not commit murder, because I shall be hanged for it.' And many might have said it, I have no doubt, in times by-gone, when criminals were punished and a felon was called a prisoner at the bar, and not a defendant; and a man who stole was called a thief; and a man who set fire to a house was called an incendiary; and a man who killed another was called a murderer.

The opium-smoker is an old man at thirty. With pale, sunken cheek and haggard in expression, with eye hollow, languid, and restless, he stalks about, the very personification of ruin. Wan as he is, and drowsy as he sometimes must be, he seems, at intervals, imbued with a peculiarly brilliant imagination. His flights of fancy carry him far into the ethereal world. Descending, he longs for his pipe, to which, as soon as his employment will permit, he returns. There are opium-smokers in all classes, who have their different smoking-houses. The quality of the opium, and the comforts and luxuries attending its inhalation, differ, of course, according to the rank, wealth, taste, or refinement of the smoker. But among the rich the habit is most frequently indulged in at home.

I was once invited to a sort of *soirée d' opium*, or, as my host expressed it, a 'smokee pigeon,' and, by way of experiment, took a pipe. After whiffing off ten bowlfuls, a thick fog appeared before my visual organs, and I was affected with partial deafness, accompanied by

a singing in the ears similar to that caused by indulging too freely in quinine. I immediately aroused myself, being very well satisfied with this experience without going any farther. My very polite and hospitable Celestial friends remonstrated, but I was obdurate, and refused to prolong the heavenly enjoyment. They regarded me after this as more of a barbarian than ever.

A pipe, to be properly enjoyed, must be taken upon a luxurious couch. Reclining, with the head resting upon a hard bamboo pillow, and a small lamp, filled with tea-oil, burning by his side, the opium-smoker prepares the poison for his bowl. This is done by holding a small quantity, which has already undergone a preliminary process at the manufacturer's, over the flame after attaching it to the end of a silver probe-shaped pin made for the purpose. When thus scorched by the heat, the opium, which is of the consistency of paste, bubbles, contracts, and run to the extreme point of the pin, and by dexterously twisting and turning this over the light of the lamp, a pointed cone is formed of about the size of a homœopathic globule. This is placed in the aperture of the bowl of the pipe made to receive it and held in immediate contact with the flame. In three or four puffs, every one of which draws smoke into the lungs, it is gone, and the operation has to be repeated ; and so on, over and over again. The number of pipes smoked varies according to the inclination or strength of nerves.

A more sensual, and a very common mode of enjoying opium-smoking, is to be surrounded by young and beautiful women—that is, Chinese beauties, not unfrequently virgins—arrayed in gorgeous silks and decked with flowers, who fill the pipe when necessary and receive by turn the reclining form into their arms. Thus, in a hazy, mazy bewilderment of pleasure and delight, the senses gradually fade away, and the opium-smoker sleeps—perchance dies!

EPIGRAM: EVERLASTING SUITS.

Suits of cloth soon wear out, but they'll do well enough
For those who the tailor can pay :
But for *durable* suits, India-Rubber's the stuff,
For they last a GOODYEAR and a DAY.

THE GRAVE CREEK MOUND.

IN the spring of 1859 I was one of a party that embarked upon one of those lumber-rafts that annually leave the head-waters of the Alleghany and its tributaries and float down the almost endless maze of the Ohio's silvery tide. Of the adventures that befell us I do not propose to write. My object is more particularly to give some account of some of those ancient relics that stand as mementoes of the past along that river. After various fortunes, we found our unwieldy water-craft overpowered by the raw winds of March, and we were compelled to 'tie up,' as the lumber-men call it, and await milder breezes and more genial skies.

To our great delight, we found ourselves in sight of the great Indian Mound that looms up from the plain, a silent and mysterious relic of a lost race. A walk of over two miles along the track of the 'Baltimore and Ohio Railroad' brought us to the little village of Moundsville. This place is at the mouth of 'Big Grave Creek,' and about fifteen miles below Wheeling in the State of Virginia. The Creek was named by the Indians, and the town by the present inhabitants, after the Mound, that is the only object of interest there.

After considerable difficulty we found an ill-shapen dwarf, who seemed to be the presiding genius of the place, and by him were admitted through the gate of a high board fence that inclosed the Mound. I had then gratified a curiosity of twenty years' standing. I had often seen this olden relic as I had floated by the place either upon some raft or one of the floating palaces of the western waters. But now I stood at its base. This has been called an 'Indian Mound;' but there is but little doubt that it was built by a race of people that have become extinct, and forgotten save for these mysterious relics. Certain it is, the Indians had not the skill or the means to accomplish such a work.

This singular structure rises out of a plain that extends for some distance up Big Grave Creek. It is now, after the lapse of ages, over seventy-five feet in height. Its base covers an area of one acre. It is some fifty rods in circumference at its base, and rises in the shape of a perfect cone. Its sides are steep and precipitous — so much so that one cannot climb its sides but with difficulty. On these sides grow lofty and gigantic trees from base to apex. On the summit, which is reached by a winding path which nearly encircles the Mound, is a flat area, sixty feet in diameter, in the centre of which *was* a regular concavity. It is now levelled off and covered partly by a rude summer-house sadly gone to decay.

This and the large trees growing near the summit are cut full of

inscriptions of visitors' names ; of course our little party also left their *cards*, our residences, day of the month, year, etc. When first discovered, a single white oak of huge dimensions rose like a flag-staff from this concavity. But this was cut down by vandal hands to make room for the rickety summer-house.

A few years ago the proprietor of the grounds commenced excavations into the bowels of this relic of antiquity. He proceeded into it on a level with the base ; when arrived at the very centre, he found the earth loose, as though there had been at some time a cavity there. On examining among this loose earth, three skeletons were found nearly perfect. One was of gigantic size ; the jaw-bones were perfect, and when in their proper position would encircle a man's head. From calculations made from a leg-bone which was found perfect, the owner of it, when on earth, must have been from seven to eight feet in height.

Old coin of unknown workmanship, beads, and evidences of rust were found, the latter indicating that instruments of metal had there decayed, which is further evidence that the mound was built by a race to whom the arts and sciences were known. These skeletons were removed by the proprietor. After his death, his heirs did not realize their value to the antiquary, and now they are entirely lost.

From the place where these relics were found, the proprietor made an excavation of four feet in diameter to the top, a distance of seventy-five feet, and walled it up with brick like a well. Into this subterraneous passage we were admitted by our crooked-legged dwarf. Our olfactories were at first regaled with the rank odors of decaying vegetables, the owners having used the passage the past winter for a cellar. The entrance is perhaps six feet high and three or four feet wide, walled up on the sides and arched overhead with brick. Through this narrow and odoriferous passage, by the dim light of a single tallow candle, we were conducted to the centre of the Mound. Here we found the wall of the perpendicular passage to the top, before mentioned, in many places broken in, and all around this upright wall the earth had fallen in, so that one could crawl on his hands and knees entirely around it. Our guide, however, warned us that it was not considered safe in those 'diggings,' as the earth was almost constantly falling.

Of this we had sufficient evidence in the loose flaky masses of earth that seemed ready to fall from over our heads. It was not a very romantic-looking place, and our stay in the dark, gloomy bowels of that Mound was not very protracted. We contributed a few shillings to our loquacious and deformed guide, and departed, contrasting in our minds Yankee enterprise and Virginia indolence. If that singular Mound was in a Yankee State, in the possession of a man of tact

and enterprise, it would not be suffered to go to decay. The grounds would be fitted up neatly, and all the appliances of a place of fashionable resort be added thereunto. It is worth visiting, even in its present dilapidated situation. It is a great curiosity. When it is first seen, looming up gradually above the highest buildings in the village that almost surrounds it, covered as it is with lofty and aged trees, rising from a very level piece of ground, its symmetrical and cone-like proportions all strike the beholder with amazement.

We left the spot well paid for our long walk, all impressed with the evidences of great antiquity and the singular mystery that surrounds it. Many antiquarians have dated the era of its erection anterior to the flood.

A day or two after the events I have just narrated, we found ourselves again fastened to the Virginia shore waiting for a gale of wind to spend its fury. It was a quiet Sabbath. We were landed under a high hill that rose abruptly almost from the river's bank to the height of many hundred feet, its sides still covered with the gigantic denizens of the forest that stood,

‘As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark.’

and sheltered the red Indian and his white foe in the days of the Wet-zels, the Boones, and the Kentons.

On the opposite shore the bottoms are larger, and stretch away in cultivated farms to the more distant hills. To while away the tedious hours, in the absence of books or papers, we strolled along through the forest down the banks of the river. While thus leisurely killing the time and listening to the occasional chirp of an early spring songster or the chatter of a squirrel, we came to a high bluff bank covered with large trees, with here and there one just ready to tumble over into the river, whose swelling tides had undermined it. Many of these trees were cut full of names, dates, etc., as high as one could reach, and some of them bore inscriptions high among the branches.

On examination, we found the spot to be an ancient burial-ground. This seemed strange, as every thing appeared to be untouched by the hand of civilization; and as silent and primeval as when the first white man guided his frail bark past these dangerous shores. The graves before us bore the marks of great antiquity, which denoted their occupants to have lived and died in the days of the earliest pioneers of this fertile valley. Perhaps they were the graves of early settlers who were killed in some Indian skirmish. Two graves, to which were placed large flat rocks, (taken apparently from the bed of a brook that gurgled by,) old and moss-covered, we found, on careful examination, to bear each the rude inscription: ‘I. W. 1786.’

While pondering over these relics of the early settler, with the busy shapes of Indian surprise, and massacre, and sickness, and death

in the lonely wilderness thronging our brain, we were accosted by a settler, in the garb of a hunter, with a rifle upon his shoulder, and we could almost fancy that he belonged to the age of which we had been pondering and had just awakened from his 'Rip Van Winkle' sleep of seventy-five years to relieve our anxiety to know the story of the moss-covered forest-graves before us. But though he proved to be of the present age, he was intelligent and communicative.

He informed us that near the spot where we then stood, but where now the Ohio surges along, having been entirely washed away, once stood 'Baker's Fort' or 'Station.' Here it was that the pioneers of this region sought shelter from the savages, whose depredations at that time and subsequently gave to the country around the appellation of the 'Dark and Bloody Ground.' The stones before us, which we have mentioned as bearing the same inscription, namely, 'I. W.,' indicated the graves of John Wetzel and his son John Wetzel, Jr., in those days the J being made like an I. The other graves marked the resting-place of others of less note, who were the victims of savage cruelty.

John Wetzel was the father also of Lewis Wetzel, one of the most celebrated Indian-haters and hunters that ever hung, like an avenging demon, upon the trail of the Indian. The death of John Wetzel the elder happened in this wise. In company with two companions he had crossed the river in a canoe to see if they could discover any Indian 'sign.' As they were paddling leisurely along the opposite shore, they were surprised and fired upon by a party of savages concealed in the bushes on the bank. They turned their canoe at once for the Virginia shore. It is said that while he kept his face toward the foe, they did not fire; but turning for an instant to note the direction of his canoe, they fired and wounded him mortally. One of his companions was killed, while the other threw himself out of the canoe on the side opposite the enemy, and keeping his head nearly under water, in this way holding on to the edge of the canoe with his fingers, they floated down the river and on to Fish Creek Island, a mile and a half below the Fort.

Here they remained till dark, when the survivor pushed the stranded canoe into the stream again and silently paddled to the Virginia shore. Wetzel was removed to the Fort, where he soon after expired and was buried in the humble and lonely grave before us. John Wetzel the younger, and brother of Lewis, was killed in a skirmish with the Indians up Captina Creek, which empties into the Ohio directly opposite the site of Baker's Fort. His body was recovered and brought over and buried by the side of his father. Both stones, as we have said, bear the same date, namely, 1786, which indicates that they were killed the same year.

There are many other graves there, but few, however, that bear any inscription upon the rude stones that mark them. One we noticed that bore the inscription, 'L. P. 18001,' intended no doubt for 1801. How many thrilling tragedies have been enacted along this river! How many midnight alarms and hair-breadth escapes! What an interesting story, could its entire history be gathered from the fading legends and records of the past! Here, roaming the dense and gloomy forest from Wheeling to the mouth of the Ohio, Lewis Wetzel, Boone, Kenton, and Washburn laid the foundation of that civilization and refinement that now renders that region the garden of America.

Among them all, none were more successful than Lewis Wetzel. It is said he would cut a blaze upon a tree the size of a shilling, then start in an opposite direction upon the run, load his rifle while running a hundred yards, and then turn and fire, hitting the mark in the centre. While being chased by Indians, as he sometimes was, he would load his rifle as he ran, then suddenly wheel and shoot his nearest pursuer; he would bound away again, loading as he ran, thus picking off his pursuers till none remained. The Indians, naturally superstitious, soon came to regard him with awe, supposing him in league with the evil spirit and his gun always loaded.

Up Captina Creek, which I have mentioned as emptying just opposite these old relics, some fifty yards, once stood the block-house of a pioneer whose name, I believe, was Maywood. He had often been warned that he was not sufficiently cautious in regard to the Indians; but he gave no heed to the warning. He was surprised one day while at work in the field, murdered and scalped; his wife and family shared the same fate, except a son, who was absent from home, and an adopted daughter, who was engaged to the son in marriage. This young lady was made captive and conveyed to their villages near Circleville. She was afterward rescued by her lover and Lewis Wetzel, and returned in safety to Baker's Fort.

It may be interesting to state that a tract of land from this place to Fish-Creek Island, of eleven hundred acres, is now owned by Michael Cressap, now eighty-five years of age, and a son of the celebrated Col. Cressap who murdered the family of Logan, the Mingo chief, near the mouth of the Great Kenhawa.

Lewis Wetzel survived the dangers of Indian warfare, and in later years removed some twenty miles inland from Nat'chez, where he died in 1808, and though no costly shaft has been erected over his lowly and unmarked grave, he has a monument in the hearts of the descendants of those hardy pioneers that will endure when many prouder names are forgotten.

Frewsburgh, N. Y.

MISS-MACHINATIONS.

OH! do n't you remember poor ragged TOM BROWN,
Who used to cry papers and books 'bout the town?
Well, his name with his fortune has wondrously grown,
And now poor TOM BROWN is a being unknown.
But FITZ THOMAS DE BROWN is well known to the fair
Of the opposite sex, as the 'great millionaire.'
How it chanced that the dashing Miss SUSAN MCHONEY,
Who was 'struck' with DE BROWN, or rather his money,
Succeeded in winning the rich prize, when others
As wise as herself, with their managing mothers,
Set for the old bachelor nets and sly traps,
And cunningly tipped with fine feathers their caps,
I trow not. The maid, deaf to other men's flattery,
Threw on BROWN — of her charms — the full force of the battery.
And fair was Miss SUSAN, distressingly fair,
With that dreamy-like languor of eye, and *such* hair —
'T was of a rich hue between auburn and red,
And curled, like a cork-screw, close up to her head.
Well skilled in the art to please gentlemen's fancies,
She showered upon him such bright, winning glances,
That not even BROWN, the 'invincible prize,'
Could stand the sharp fire of her dazzling eyes.
And soon he surrendered, yea, knelt at her feet;
But all his soft phrases I will not repeat;
Enough, that she promised to be his *dear* wife,
To *love* him and comfort him all of his life.
Yet darted these thoughts through her selfish heart then:
'They say the old fellow is three-score and ten,
He can't live forever: I'll take the best care
Of himself and his gold; when he dies I'll be heir
To all his possessions — still youthful and fair
I'll reign a young widow, a gay 'millionaire.'

And BROWN — ne'er young wooer felt bliss more ecstatic
That he, yet that last cursed twinge of rheumatic
Any great demonstrations of pleasure prevented.
He was forced to remain, for the present, contented
With a kiss from the ripe lips, bewitchingly placed
In the reach of his phiz: while one arm bound her waist,
He placed on the lily-white finger a ring,
Just finished to order — an elegant thing,
All blazing with diamonds. Well pleased was the maid
At the exquisite taste her old lover displayed.
But she soon ascertained it would scarcely atone
For the sacrifice made — the plain diamond alone.
So she hinted that now, 'to set off the point lace

And glacé silk selected her person to grace
On the nuptial occasion, the whole set was needed ;
Nor was it in vain that the bride-elect pleaded.
Brown scratched his bald pate and opened his eyes,
For his fair SUSAN's hints struck him dumb with surprise.
Yes, thus the old lover consoleth himself,
When for the bright baubles he rolls out his pelf :
With such fancies and freaks the dear girl will have done
When we two fond lovers are changed into one.

But, alas for his peace ! ere the honey-moon waned,
He had from his wife's lips this truth ascertained,
'That his nice, cozy house — though a score it would hold —
Was too small for *her* use, badly fashioned, and old.'
What mattered it now that her *dear* husband wore
A frown on his brow, and between his teeth swore ?
They were 'tied' past undoing, excepting, of course,
That way of untying in mode, called divorce :
DE BROWN might resort to such means if he dare,
He would soon find his wife would be odds with him there.
Move he must ! move he should ! not an inch would she yield ;
Move he did — Mrs. BROWN was left lord of the field.
And Axminster tapestry, soft as the down,
Must carpet their elegant mansion 'up-town.'
The furniture, rose-wood, with rich satin covering,
And Parian statues, with nymphs round them hovering,
Must rest on the mantel-piece, fill up the niches ;
Brown threatened and stormed — but his wife 'wore the breeches.'
At length 't was completed ; from attic to ball,
Shone satin and rose-wood. And cards for a ball
There issued : for now, though the 'talk of the town,'
Was of the grand 'Avenue Palace' of BROWN,
And its gorgeous appurtenances ; all might not know it,
So a *soirée dansante* was given to show it.
In a third-story chamber, grim, grouty, and sullen,
His dressing-gown on and his feet swathed in woollen,
A prisoner sat BROWN with the gout in his toe,
While his wife danced mazurkas and polkas below.

'Ah ! Brown,' said a friend, some weeks after the ball,
As they met on the corner of Broadway and Wall,
'When I think of your home I envy your life,
An elegant mansion ! a charming young wife !
By experience *you* know, keeping 'bachelor's hall'
Is a sad life to live.' 'Just no living at all,'
Said DE BROWN : and he gave his friend's shoulder a slap
As he thought of 'the *fox* with his tail in a trap.'
'Just no living at all ! When you find such a fairy
As *I* have secured for a wife, why — then marry.'

Though from youth to the present his time he had spent
 In the city's broad limits, in health and content,
 His wife ascertained — foolish fancy, no doubt —
 That she did n't feel well, though each day growing stout.
 A house must be speedily found for her where
 Her delicate lungs could inhale country air.
 Poor BROWN! did he yield to his fair SUSAN's wishes?
 Yes, after a kick at a tray of choice dishes,
 Tables, footstools and chairs were upset with a crash,
 Among Sevres and silver, a 'general smash.'

Are there not men at present engaged in the city,
 With wives out of town, who his sad fate will pity?
 Who will sigh when they think of the coffee half-boiled;
 Cold muffins, and steaks that are burned, but not broiled;
 When away to the depot they hurry for life,
 Leaving breakfast half-eaten, a dishabille wife:
 And riding by rail, through dense clouds of dust,
 They haste to the city, as business-men must?
 Such the daily routine of the life of DE BROWN,
 For 'business' each day called the banker to town,
 When an accident happened, a terrible 'smash-up,'
 That made of the millionaire's lame leg a 'hash up.'
 Conductors and baggage-men, rail-road inspectors,
 Were soon on the spot with a dozen directors,
 All hoping 'it would n't endanger his life.'
 'You'll pay for the leg you've cut off,' said his wife.
 DE BROWN was a rich man: the 'company' knew
 If they did n't come down with the 'dust,' he would sue.
 Mrs. BROWN, who now felt the loss chiefly her own,
 Demanded 'ten thousand' in cash — 't was paid down;
 Then turning to BROWN, who lay suffering there,
 She said in a whisper: 'Do n't mind it, my dear,
 For though by the aid of a crutch you must go,
 You'll be troubled no more with the gout in *that* toe.'

How consoling her words. DE BROWN heaved a sigh,
 And thought — what he pleased, though he did n't reply;
 While she thought — heartless wife, as she soothed him to sleep,
 That his limbs were *all* worth more to sell than to keep.
 When at length he got able to 'hobble' again,
 For to Mrs. BROWN's joy he did n't die then,
 He vowed that he would travel by 'steam-power' no more.
 Hearing this, his wife ordered a 'carriage-and-four':
 And DE BROWN, though objecting to useless display,
 As usual, 'gave in,' and his wife had her way.

'T was a clear sunny day, in our warm July weather,
 That DE BROWN and his wife took an airing together,

In their private conveyance. Two fancy-matched pairs
Drew them o'er the highway, with arched necks and gay airs ;
When the coachman, not used to the reins, it would seem,
Though well recommended to drive 'double team,'
Got the lines in a snarl. Down the frightful descent,
Rearing, leaping and plunging, the fiery steeds went.

'Save yourselves!' cried the driver, as with a light bound,
He leaped from the carriage-box safe to the ground :
Mrs. BROWN gave a scream and endeavored to get out,
But, ere she succeeded was hastily set out :
For the coach was o'erturned at a bend in the road,
And divesting themselves of the last of their load,
The high-mettled steeds, nothing daunted, sped on,
As DE BROWN o'er a frightful embankment went down.
And this notice in all the city papers next day
Was read with regret : 'A gay team ran away,
With the highly respected FITZ THOMAS DE BROWN,
Both himself and his wife from the carriage were thrown.
He suffers, 't is stated, the loss of an arm,
But his wife, charming woman, escaped without harm.'

Last evening I met — what is left of DE BROWN,
Again in his old 'bachelor quarters' in town.
His wife keeps the 'country-seat,' he keeps the 'hall,'
And each for the other cares nothing at all.

M O R A L .

DAME NATURE, old thoughts for the young ne'er designed :
One may hide their true feelings, a lover may blind
To gain a rich husband ; but ah ! when they 're wed
What was pent in the heart will escape at the head.
Rare, rare is the incident — name it who can,
When a young woman marries a poor, aged man ?
But, more to the folly of men be it said,
Our charming young girls rich old men often wed.
When, when were youth's fancies congenial with age ?
As well might a ballet-girl marry a sage,
In the hope of enjoying a pleasurable life,
As the old man his quiet, who weds a young wife.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE RIVALS: A TALE OF THE TIMES OF AARON BURR AND ALEXANDER HAMILTON. By Hon. JERE. CLEMENS. Philadelphia: J. B. LIPPINCOTT AND COMPANY.

WE once heard Hon. JERE. CLEMENS deliver a 'repellent' speech in the crowded Senate-chamber of the United States at Washington: and we were struck at the time with his energy, the closeness of his argument, and the force of the blows which he dealt his antagonist: at the same time, his coolness and perfect self-possession excited general remark and admiration. We must say, that in the work before us, as an author, the honorable ex-Senator seems quite another sort of man. He avows the existence of the strongest prejudice in his own mind, in the very outset. He considers PARTON a very timid biographer of BURR, who was afraid to 'encounter the tide of undeserved reprobation which is yet beating against the tomb of the illustrious dead;' a man 'unsurpassed as a soldier, unrivalled as a lawyer; pure, upright, and untarnished as a statesman;' yet who, 'from the force of circumstances, became the object of the bitterest calumnies that malice could invent, or the blindest prejudice could believe;' and who was finally, by persecution, literally 'dogged to his grave. Under the garb of fiction our author has endeavored to 'relieve BURR's memory from the unjust suspicions which embittered his life.' Such being Mr. CLEMENS' estimate of the character of AARON BURR, perhaps it will not surprise the reader to learn, that he regarded his great antagonist, ALEXANDER HAMILTON, as being quite a different sort of person. 'Of ALEXANDER HAMILTON I have written nothing of which I do not believe he was capable. The world never presented such a combination of greatness and meanness, of daring courage and of vile malignity, of high aspirings and of low hypocrisy. Shrewd, artful and unscrupulous, there were no means he would not employ to accomplish his ends — no tool too base to be used, when its services were needful. He was loose in his own morals, even to licentiousness: slander was his favorite weapon, and no one stood in his way, who did not feel the venom of his tongue and pen.' With such prejudiced views as these, frankly admitted and urged in our author's preface, his work may be safely left to the conscientious and discriminating judgment of his readers. The work is certainly interesting, in parts eminently so: but its style, especially where a mild halo is attempted to be thrown over seduction, as in the account given of BURR's *liaison* with the beautiful Miss MONCRIEF, is of that species which may be described as 'extra-gushing.'

POEMS BY SYDNEY DOBELL. In one Volume: pp. 544. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.
'Riverside Press' of H. O. HOUGHTON AND COMPANY.

THERE is one thing which cannot be gainsaid about this volume of poems. It is unusually replete with the unmistakable marks of GENIUS. It shows, in numerous instances, evidences of the presence of the true 'vision and faculty divine:' but, at the same time, it is equally true, that the attentive and even not over-critical reader will find in its pages more indifferent rhythm, and a greater lack of melodious versification, than can be found in any similar *meritorious* volume of its size with which we are acquainted. 'In the next few years the author modestly says, in the preface to one of his longer dramatic performances, *'The Roman,'* I hope to write more 'Poetry:' ten years hence, if God please, a 'POEM.' The best English critics, we venture to say, will counsel him, in the mean time, as we venture to do, to cultivate a little more, that smoothness of *execution*, which need never belittle a great thought, or render forced or unnatural a truthful simile or a happy conceit. 'Give to your best of thoughts the best of words,' is a good maxim, which a more prolonged experience will induce Mr. DOBELL to heed.

'The Roman' and 'Balder,' two long dramatic poems, we have not read with the attention which they demand: doubtless they merit the high praise which has been awarded to them by not a few of the British journals. But it is in the minor lyrics that we like Mr. DOBELL best: such as the feeling devotional lines, 'When the Rain is on the Roof,' 'The Milk-Maid's Song,' 'Grass from the Battle-Field,' 'The Orphan's Song,' and other the like productions. By the way, we will quote the last-named, that the reader may see with what a charm a man of poetic thought and observation can invest the simplest object:

'I HAD a little bird,
I took it from the nest;
I prest it, and blest it,
And nurst it in my breast.

'I set it on the ground,
I danced round and round,
And sang about it so cheerly,
With 'Hey, my little bird,
And ho, my little bird,
And ho but I love thee dearly!'

'I make a little feast
Of food soft and sweet,
I hold it in my breast,
And coax it to eat;

'I pit, and I pat,
I call it this and that,
And sing about it so cheerly,
With 'Hey, my little bird,
And ho, my little bird,
And ho but I love thee dearly!'

'I may kiss, I may sing,
But I can't make it feed,
It taketh no heed
Of any pleasant thing.

'I scolded, and I socked,
But it minded not a whit,
Its little mouth was locked,
And I could not open it.

'Though with pit, and with pat,
And with this and with that,
I sang about it so cheerly,
And hey, my little bird,
And ho, my little bird,
And ho but I love thee dearly!

'But when the day was done,
And the room was at rest,
And I sat all alone
With my birdie in my breast,

'And the light had fled,
And not a sound was heard,
Then my little bird
Lifted up its head,

'And the little month
Loosed its sullen pride,
And it opened, it opened,
With a yearning strong and wide.

'Swifter than I speak
I brought it food once more,

But the poor little beak
Was locked as before.

'I sat down again,
And not a creature stirred,
I laid the little bird
Again where it had lain ;

'And again when nothing stirred,
And not a word I said,
Then my little bird
Lifted up its head,
And the little beak
Loosed its stubborn pride,
And it opened, it opened,
With a yearning strong and wide.

'It lay in my breast,
It uttered no cry,
'T was famished, 't was famished,
And I could n't tell why.

'I could n't tell why,
But I saw that it would die,
For all that I kept dancing round and
round,
And singing above it so cheerly,
With 'Hey, my little bird,
And ho, my little bird,
And ho but I love thee dearly !'

'I never look sad,
I hear what people say,
I laugh when they are gay
And they think I am glad.

'My tears never start,
I never say a word,
But I think that my heart
Is like that little bird.

'Every day I read,
And I sing, and I play,
But through the long day
It taketh no heed.

'It taketh no heed
Of any pleasant thing,
I know it doth not read,
I know it doth not sing.

'With my mouth I read,
With my hands I play,
My shut heart is shut,
Coax it how you may.

'You may coax it how you may
While the day is broad and bright,
But in the dead night
When the guests are gone away,

'And no more the music sweet
Up the house doth pass,
Nor the dancing feet
Shake the nursery glass ;

'And I've heard my aunt
Along the corridor,
And my uncle gaunt
Lock his chamber-door ;

'And upon the stair
All is hushed and still,
And the last wheel
Is silent in the square ;

'And the nurses snore,
And the dim sheets rise and fall,
And the lamp-light's on the wall,
And the mouse is on the floor ;

'And the curtains of my bed
Are like a heavy cloud,
And the clock ticks loud,
And sounds are in my head ;

'And little LIZZIE sleeps
Softly at my side,
It opens, it opens,
With a yearning strong and wide !

'It yearns in my breast,
It utters no cry,
'T is famished, 't is famished,
And I feel that I shall die,
I feel that I shall die,
And none will know why,
Though the pleasant life is dancing
round and round
And singing about me so cheerly,
With 'Hey, my little bird,
And ho, my little bird,
And ho but I love thee dearly !''

THE PURITANS : OR THE CHURCH, COURT, AND PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND, DURING THE REIGNS OF EDWARD VI. AND QUEEN ELIZABETH. By SAMUEL HOPKINS. Vol. I. Boston : GOULD AND LINCOLN. 1859.

We have here yet another of the great historical works of which our age is only less prolific than of novels. This volume embraces the period from 'the first Puritan,' HOOPER, who was appointed to the bishopric of Gloucester in 1550, down to the middle of the reign of ELIZABETH. The mechanical execution of the volume is extremely creditable to the publishers, and the history is at once erudite and vivacious in its character.

FOOT-FALLS ON THE BOUNDARY OF ANOTHER WORLD: WITH NARRATIVE ILLUSTRATIONS. By ROBERT DALE OWEN, formerly Member of Congress, and late American Minister to Naples. In one Volume: pp. 528. Philadelphia: J. B. LIPPINCOTT AND COMPANY.

'It is pretty impossible,' remarked a 'talented' contestant in a country debating-society, 'it is pretty considerable impossible for a person for to communicate to another those ideas whereof he himself is not possessed of: because, in so doing, it is pretty impossible for him for to eradicate himself therefrom.' This pellucid statement has, in past time, 'hit our case exactly,' in relation to works upon '*Spiritualism*,' which we have been, at different periods within the last five or six years, called upon to notice in the pages of this Magazine. Our old and excellent friend and aforetime correspondent, Judge EDMONDS, furnished the most elaborate and carefully-treated of these works: honorable alike to his faith in his subject, and the adroitness with which it was placed before his readers. But in relation to all our friend's well-fortified 'spiritual phenomena,' what could *we* say? There was not a single corroborative 'idea' in relation to *operative* spiritualism, 'whereof we ourselves were possessed of:' so that it only remained for us to place the JUDGE's 'platform,' himself standing firmly fixed upon it, before our readers; which we are glad to say we did, to the author's entire satisfaction. Previously to this, however, we had sought carefully, and with no little trouble, to investigate the subject. We attended not a few table-moving, spirit-rapping, and other the like 'demonstrations,' including the *very first* which was ever exhibited in our metropolis: that of Mrs. FISH and the Misses FOX, at the old 'HOWARD Hotel' on Broadway. But in *no* case would a table move, with all the united help that could be brought to bear upon it: and exceedingly expressive were the negative raps of the 'Spirits,' declining to hold any communication whatever with 'Mr. C——, Editor of the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE!' We were ghostfully tabooed, black-balled, cast out. Up to this moment, our *visible* experience of the wonderful doings of 'Spiritualism' 'hath *this* extent—no more.'

But because, with '*our* short sight, we cannot fathom the depths beyond,' shall we doubt that others have not 'the vision and the faculty divine' which are denied to us? Not at all: nor do we for one moment underrate the perfect conscientiousness, the firm belief of those whose way is guided by the brightest light, while ours, to *their* eyes, is tracked alone by the 'blackness of darkness.' 'If *they* had n't *seen* it, they would n't have believed it.' No doubt. Well: we have n't *seen* it!

As touching the volume before us, we have to remark in the first place, that a mere glance over its pages will suffice to show, that the work is not a treatise on 'Spiritualism,' or what in modern times goes under that name. It speaks of *spontaneous*, not of *evoked* phenomena; of those which may be said to occur by the visitation of God, and *not* at the instigation of man. It is a work which has evidently demanded great and various research on the part of the author: for he found it necessary to 'consult the best professional works on Physiology, especially in its connection with mental phenomena, on Psychology in general, on Sleep, on Hallucination, on Insanity, on the great Mental Epidemics of Europe and Ame-

rica; on the subject of Human Electricity, in connection with its influence on the nervous system and the muscular tissues.' By these and other almost equally important researches, Mr. OWEN became satisfied, that it 'behooved the student in this field to devote his attention to spontaneous phenomena, rather than to those that are evoked; to appearances and disturbances that present themselves occasionally only, it is true, but neither sought nor looked for: like the rainbow, or the Aurora Borealis, or the wind that bloweth where it listeth, uncontrolled by the wishes or the agency of man.' A record of such phenomena, carefully selected and authenticated, constitutes the staple of the volume before us. One of the most striking chapters of the work, to our conception, is one entitled '*The Change at Death*.' We commend the book to such of our readers as may feel an interest in the general themes of which it so comprehensively and elaborately treats.

NEW MISCELLANIES: by CHARLES KINGSLEY, Rector of Eversley, Chaplain in Ordinary to the QUEEN. BOSTON: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

MR. KINGSLEY has a style characterized by as direct, terse, and idiomatic ENGLISH as ever COBBETT possessed: and moreover, beside his reputation as an author of works of the imagination, he is a writer of sound practical *common-sense*, on matters of every-day life: a fact which he is not backward in illustrating and enforcing, in language equally strong and simple. He seems, too, to be almost ubiquitous; to be 'every where at the same time,' and to be 'doing every thing at once.' A 'novel' from his pen reaches his readers almost simultaneously with a volume of essays on multifarious themes, all handled as he only *could* handle them; and at the same time, aside from the performance of his high and responsible clerical duties, we find by the English journals, that he is here and there, in the metropolis and the provinces, addressing 'National Sanitary Associations' and other kindred useful, practical 'institutions' of Britain: in other words, always at work at something, and always *doing* it. A very remarkable man, with a very remarkable *working* intellect, is the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY. From a paper on '*Great Cities and their Influence for Good and Evil*,' we take the annexed brief extract. Its catholic spirit and well-reasoned 'views' do equal honor to the head and heart of the writer:

'THE main exciting cause of drunkenness is, I believe firmly, bad air and bad lodging.

'A man shall spend his days between the foul alley, where he breathes sulphureted hydrogen; a close work-shop, where he breathes carbonic acid, and a close and foul bed-room, where he breathes both. In neither of the three places, meanwhile, has he his fair share of that mysterious chemical agent, without which health is impossible, the want of which betrays itself at once in the dull eye, the fallow cheek, namely, light. Believe me, it is no mere poetic metaphor which connects in Scriptures, Light with Life. It is the expression of a deep law, one which holds as true in the physical as in the spiritual world; a case in which (as perhaps in all cases) the laws of the visible world are the counterparts of those of the invisible world, and Earth is the symbol of Heaven.

'Deprive, then, the man of his fair share of fresh air and pure light, and what follows? His blood is not properly oxygenated; his nervous energy is depressed, his digestion im-

paired, especially if his occupation be sedentary, or requires much stooping, and the cavity of the chest thereby becomes contracted; and for that miserable feeling of languor and craving he knows but one remedy — the passing stimulus of alcohol; a *passing* stimulus — leaving fresh depression behind it, and requiring fresh doses of stimulant, till it becomes a habit, a slavery, a madness. Again, there is an intellectual side to the question. The depressed, nervous energy, the impaired digestion, depress the spirits. The man feels low in mind as well as in body. Whence shall he seek exhilaration? Not in that stifling home which has caused the depression itself. He knows none other than the tavern, and the company which the tavern brings; God help him!

‘Yes, ladies and gentlemen, it is easy to say, God help him; but it is not difficult for man to help him also. Drunkenness is a very curable malady. The last fifty years have seen it all but die out among the upper classes of this country. And what has caused the improvement?’

‘Certainly, in the first place, the spread of education. Every man has now a hundred means of rational occupation and amusement which were closed to his grandfather; and among the deadliest enemies of drunkenness we may class the printing-press, the railroad, and the importation of foreign art and foreign science, which we owe to the late forty years’ peace. We can find plenty of amusement now, beside the old one of sitting round the table and talking over wine. Why should not the poor man share in our gain? And he ought to have the means. Whatever other rights a man has, or ought to have, this at least he has, if society demands of him that he should earn his own livelihood, and not be a torment and a burden to his neighbors. He has a right to water, to air, to light. In demanding that, he demands no more than nature has given to the wild beasts of the forest. He is better than they. Treat him, then, as well as God has treated them. If we require of him to be a man, we must at least put him on a level with the brutes.’

Among the shorter ‘Miscellanies’ is one entitled ‘*Thoughts on Shelley and Byron*,’ wherein the writer takes up the cudgels for the latter against the many ‘good-going gentlemen and ladies,’ among whom he is generally spoken of with horror; ‘he is ‘so wicked,’ forsooth; while poor SHELLEY, ‘poor dear SHELLEY,’ is ‘very wrong, of course,’ but ‘so refined,’ ‘so beautiful,’ ‘so tender;’ a fallen angel, while BYRON is a satyr and a devil. He boldly denies the verdict; asserts that neither of the two are devils, but that SHELLEY is far less like one of those Hebrew and Miltonic angels, fallen or unfallen, than BYRON is; and adds: ‘At all events, BYRON never set to work to consecrate his own sin into a religion, and proclaim the worship of uncleanness as the last and highest ethical development of ‘pure’ humanity. No: BYRON may be brutal, but he never cants. If at moments he finds himself in hell, he never turns round to the world, and melodiously informs them that it is heaven, if they could but see it in its true light.’ We were about to say that these ‘Miscellanies’ were excellently printed, and upon good paper: but it is not necessary. See the names of the publishing-house whence the volume proceeds.

BOOK-KEEPING: by Single and Double Entry. Simplified and adapted to the use of Common Schools. By W. W. SMITH and EDWARD MARTIN. New-York: A. S. BARNES AND BURR. 1859.

THIS work is designed to supply a want by presenting the system of book-keeping in so simple a manner as to make it a practicable study in common schools. It not only contains all the forms of entry in full, but by a series of questions and answers at every step the pupil is made to understand the reasons.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL HISTORICAL NARRATIVE OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE: NUMBER ELEVEN. — We promised, in closing the last number of this desultory 'Narrative-History,' to make brief reference thereafter to a '*Reply to Cooper's Attack on Sir Walter Scott, and his Biographer, Lockhart,*' which appeared in these pages, after the lapse of a month from the publication of the 'provocation paper' which drew it forth. It was published anonymously; and we do not know that we are authorized, even at this late period, to state, that it was from the pen of EDWARD S. GOULD, Esq. We shall therefore keep the name of our correspondent in the back-ground: '*stat nominis umbra:*' premising only, that the writer had met Mr. COOPER abroad; and 'struck' with his manners toward himself and other 'fellow-countrymen' at that time in Paris, he came to regard him with an affection 'passing the love of women.' If we remember rightly, there was certain 'Parisian correspondence' in one of our daily journals of that era, which gave full vent to this singular affection — '*par la gauche.*' Be that as it may: Mr. COOPER had no more gratification in driving a coach-and-six through LOCKHART'S Life of SCOTT, than our second correspondent had in driving a strong tandem Yankee team, 'with a big bull-dog under the wagon,' through the great novelist's review of the same.

The reviewer of Mr. COOPER begins by assuming as 'a sound principle of retributive justice,' that an individual who fails fully to substantiate such charges of criminality as he voluntarily prefers and perseveringly argues against another, must be content to endure the penalty which he sought to inflict.' 'We premise,' he says, 'one thing only, in contradiction of the writer's assumption, and in exposure of the essential defect of his whole argument, that the every day life (comprising the unpremeditated thoughts, words, and deeds) of the purest uninspired man that ever lived, cannot bear the test of a moral scrutiny which boasts nothing short of *perfection* as its standard: and hence, that a man 'found wanting' under such microscopic investigation, is not to be successfully denounced as 'radically deficient in the very elements of honesty,' by a fellow-man, who is necessarily liable, on the same ground, to the same denunciation.'

After some scathing remarks, touching Mr. COOPER's assumption that LOCKHART 'should have been the last person in the world whom Sir WALTER SCOTT should have selected as his biographer,' the reviewer takes up the proposition of Sir WALTER SCOTT, in a letter to his brother THOMAS, (then, we believe, our

neighbor 'over the border' in Canada,) to indicate, by an understood sign, whether a letter of introduction to the 'Wizard of the North' was to be duly honored or not:

'MR. COOPER gives us a dissertation on letters of introduction: and the gist of the matter is this: Mr. THOMAS SCOTT, being constantly applied to for letters to Sir WALTER, often found himself in the predicament where thousands of less conspicuous men have been placed: namely, the necessity of giving a letter to some one in himself perhaps unexceptionable, but on whom, for reasons of their own, either he or his brother was disposed to confer limited attention. As it was not admissible to refuse the letter, and as a letter so worded as to call for limited civility only, would necessarily offend the applicant, it seemed to be indispensable that some private mark should be adopted, by means of which THOMAS could avoid the offence, and Sir WALTER, at the same time, could discriminate between his guests. The latter, therefore, requests the former to sign such letters, short, T. SCOTT, instead of THOMAS SCOTT. We think that the propriety of this arrangement will be obvious to any one who reflects on SCOTT's situation, and the absolute necessity he was under of limiting his civilities *somewhere*, unless he were really to give up every other vocation, and devote himself solely to the entertainment of company. Mr. COOPER, however, thinks differently. He thinks that 'a little bootless civility' might easily be rendered to all; which opinion, if made applicable to *his own* guests, instead of other people's, would certainly evince a very hospitable disposition. But, letting that pass, he says: 'How easy would it have been for Mr. THOMAS SCOTT to have given a letter generally and simply expressed, which should mean what it said, and which should not impose any great trouble on his brother; but this might have lost the parties a supporter!' . . . 'But this is not all, quoth Mr. COOPER. This private mark is not honest. It is deception. A man who will do this, would not hesitate to lie on other occasions. Nay, the mere reader who is not shocked at such moral turpitude the moment he hears of it, is wanting in the very elements of honesty.'

We do not consider this point of the defence to be over-strong as an 'argument': but as a palliation, as an excuse, in such a case as Sir WALTER's, it *is* undoubtedly 'well taken,' as the lawyers say. Still, we think it would have been better, if Mr. THOMAS SCOTT had declined to *give* such letters as required an understood *protestando*. When WASHINGTON IRVING first returned home from abroad, where he had won an exalted fame, and had mingled upon a footing of perfect equality with the most eminent men of the time, he was not unfrequently solicited to furnish to American 'bloods' going abroad, 'carrying their brains in their pockets,' letters of introduction to such distinguished men as MOORE, ROGERS, etc. That he declined with all kindness must of course be assumed: but there were *other* parties, he said, to such a courtesy: those young men might 'want to meet ROGERS;' might 'like, of all things, to secure a chance to visit MOORE;' but on the other hand, neither MOORE nor ROGERS might have any such longing to see *them*! We say, that a refusal in such a case, dictated by a good heart, and carefully guarded against wounding either the pride or feeling of the applicant, was after all the truest kindness. The following is an 'argument,' somewhat forcibly 'put:'

'MR. COOPER quotes from a letter of SCOTT's the admission that, in criticising the Curse of Kehama, he reviewed it favorably: that is, he 'slurred over the absurd-

ties and enlarged upon the beauties of the work.' Now Mr. COOPER, of all the men on the face of the whole earth, should be the very last to *complain* of the criticism which 'slurs over absurdities and enlarges upon beauties;' but waiving the *ad hominem*, let us see what he says about SCOTT's admission :

"ALL this was worthy of a Grub-street hack. In the first place we see the utter want of principle, which palms off on the public dishonest reviewing; and then follows the miserable salvo for his own talents, by declaring what he *would* have done, had not the unjustifiable course he actually took, been part of the system."

'It seems, then, that if a critic, anonymously reviewing the poem of a friend, ventures to say what he thinks of the beauties, and omits saying what he thinks of the faults, he evinces '*an utter want of principle.*'"

Here is a passage, and a very brief one, in relation to an assumption of Mr. COOPER's, that SCOTT had intentionally suppressed the date in a letter to his friend ELLIS, to conceal the fact that he first reviewed SOUTHEY's poem, and afterward wrote to SOUTHEY that he had not *seen* that poem :

'THE insinuation is entirely gratuitous: there is no ground, on the face of the transaction as represented by the critic himself, for suspicion. He simply *chooses* to suspect. There is *no* evidence — no *pretension* to evidence. And to talk about 'men of established probity;' to aver that SCOTT cannot now come before the world with the pretension to be superior to suspicions of this nature; Heaven and earth, *who* is this bravo of criticism? — this common stabber? — that presumes to suspect without occasion, and dares to vilify *because* he suspects?'

Perhaps this language, to adopt a 'Yankee' term, may seem '*ha'sh.*' it strikes *us* as open to that objection: we felt it incumbent upon us, however, having presented Mr. COOPER's 'Attack' quite 'at large,' for a synopsis, to show the manner in which the reviewer was himself reviewed. A single passage, explaining the *reasons* which actuated SCOTT in writing for MURRAY's 'Review' a notice of '*The Tales of my Landlord,*' must close our extracts. The statement is not merely 'plausible' — it is satisfactory :

'WE come now to SCOTT's review, for the 'Quarterly,' of '*The Tales of my Landlord.*' SCOTT, at this time, was the '*Great Unknown.*' After the publication of the book referred to, MURRAY, the publisher, addressed to him a letter glowing with gratitude and gratulation on its success; and expressing his (MURRAY's) confidence so decidedly that SCOTT was the author, that Sir WALTER was at first embarrassed as to the most expedient manner of replying. However, he escaped the dilemma with much ingenuity. He assured MURRAY that he *did not claim* the authorship — that he had not *read* the work *until it was printed*, etc.; and finally, to show *how serious* he was in his disclaimer, *offered to review the very work in question*, a thing which, he intimated, the author himself would not think of attempting. Hence, it is not strictly true, as an abstract assertion, that SCOTT *volunteered* to review his own writings. His doing it was a kind of necessary expedient to repel MURRAY's inquisitiveness.'

And with the foregoing extract we take our leave of this controversy, in which, on both sides, undue bitterness, both of feeling and expression, was exhibited, which made the judicious grieve. But nothing which COOPER ever wrote, exhibited more truly the fearlessness, the out-spoken frankness of the man, than this most extraordinary article upon Sir WALTER SCOTT, and his son-in-law, LOCKHART.

Just about this time there began to appear in the KNICKERBOCKER a double series of what may literally be termed 'papers' proper: we mean the two journals, '*The Bunkumville Chronicle*' and '*The Bunkum Flag-Staff*.' The first was a short-lived sheet, for reasons which will be explained anon: but the second attained to a ripe maturity, and grew in knowledge, and increased in graces of style, and force and originality of thought, until the anonymous editor withdrew from its 'columns,' removed from Bunkum, and we believe for a number of years from the State. The last time we heard from him he was on his way to take up his residence in the South, in connection with a company with which he had become associated, and with whose transactions he was to be especially identified. We know of few things, among the lighter papers of this Magazine, from its very commencement, which used to afford us more amusement, than we derived from the perusal of the manuscript of '*The Bunkum Flag-Staff*.' Its satire upon passing follies and events was so pointed, yet so sly and adroit; its swelling periods of 'stabbed English,' and its magniloquent way of setting forth the commonest truisms, were so infinitely droll; and above all, the burlesque of the style of a back-woods journalist, whose pomposity could only be equalled by his ignorance, was so faithfully rendered, that for several months, 'The Flag-Staff's' opinions were the very oracles of the Press, far and near. We propose now to part company with our eminent wrangling critics, and to devote the remainder of this number of our narrative to a brief but comprehensive consideration of the 'journals' under notice. Versatile 'SPARROWGRASS,' with his early poetry and later prose; thoughtful 'ST. LEGER,' with his Germanic creations of fancy, and gems of feeling; the myriad-minded 'MEISTER KARL,' and wild, wise and witty 'MACE SLOPER,' will soon step again upon 'these boards;' but for the present, listen to the career and the characteristics of a 'born journalist.'

'*The Bunkumville Chronicle*' was started with the avowal, in the very first number, that the editor was 'not aware of having any principles in particular, except a considerable taste for the 'loaves and fishes.' What 'field of usefulness,' (however clever it might be in puns, and fanciful *niaseries*.) could such a journal expect to occupy? The result of the enterprise affords the answer. Three numbers of this journal only had appeared, when there arose in the adjoining village of Bunkum, in the same county, '*The Bunkum Flag-Staff*,' which in a short time had the effect to 'root it out of the ked'ntry.' When the editor 'took his eye and threw it round community,' he 'realized' at once the 'great necessity' there was of a paper such as the 'STAFF:' and hence its 'advent and first appearance:'

The Bunkum Flag-Staff and Independent Echo.

DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF '88; THE CONSTITUTION OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK; THE FOURTH OF JULY; LIFE, LIBERTY, LITERATURE, ADVERTISEMENTS, AND A STANDARD CURRENCY.

This 'head-platform' is sufficiently explicit; but in a 'leader,' the editor comes out still stronger: 'We set forth in this editorial leader where we *are*; and where *that* is, there we shall be *found*. We never will shirk the responsibility in any one instance, be it one or more, while we have an editorial chair to set into, any more than we have a right hand to cut off. Planted upon our

'Flag-Staff,' and with a substratum to go on, we confidently appeal, with a fair appreciation that our *animus* will not be misunderstood, and affirm that we stand in the attitude of *opposition*! Our ADVERSARY will find, that in flinging himself into the newspaper area, we shall speak with all kindness and discretion, but not to be trifled with. What a brassy impudence there is in the flourish of his trumpets, and no wool after all: a mere *fugo*, to blind the eyes, and shift the responsibility. How can you make a charge on a bag of wind of a non-plus?—where you can't find one iota or scintilla of a platform? 'Got no principles!'—got no platform to stand on to; shifted about when the current blows east, or when the current blows west, just as it happens. There's the rock that our friend of 'The Chronicle' is going to split on to. He can't write good if he aint got no principles: he brings out of the stables of his intellect the greatest cavalcade of richly-comparisined and well-looking *words*, harnessed to a little bit of *meaning* I ever seen; but what do they all amount to, if he aint got no principles?'

By such 'searching,' vigorous editorials in 'The Staff,' was the 'Chronicle' speedily driven from the field. Let us now proceed briefly to consider 'The Bunkum Flag-Staff' as an independent, out-spoken journal, of varied intelligence, and replete with a critical acumen as rare as it is remarkable in a sheet of its humble pretensions. In the opening number is an account by the editor, describing 'Our Visit to the City.' He was befooled in several instances, and complains lustily thereof. Take one example: 'We do n't know when we were more sucked in and indignant than on a visit which we paid on the tip-toe of expectation, to 'Col. FREMONT's Woolly Horse from the Rocky Mountains.' If they call this a *Lusus Naturæ*, then we do n't know what a *Lusus Naturæ* is. It is an altogether Humbug: a mere or'nary horse, with a bald tail, but not worth twenty-five cents to see the hairs off: if we owned him, we would give four times that quantity to have 'em on. All the visitors went out of the room looking sheepish enough about their own part and lot in the Woolly Horse, and silent as death. We never made such an Ass of ourself as in going to see the foregoing horse!' He was, however, very much pleased with a concert which he attended, which he criticises in true artistic style, as may be gathered from the following sentences: 'The base singer has a splendid organ, of powerful timber, but a little unsteady; perhaps we should say, not entirely confident of grip in some of the upper notes. The tenor sang like a dozen angels. He shows depth, tone, penetration, a succinet method, discrimination, perfect freedom in alt, but no practice. The other singer has a plump style, a little exaggerated occasionally in expostulatory passages, owing to too sudden shifting of his crescendo from sideways to upside down. Let him look to this.' The 'Literary Criticisms' of the 'Staff' are 'deep,' and indicate the 'Thinker.' Here ensue, in illustration, brief passages from a review of MACAULAY's History of England, just then commenced:

'We have just risen from the perusal of this work, which is sweetly written. We think it is a little in favor of monarchy, but that may be accounted for from the fact that the author is an Englishman; and being a native of the soil, he would not of course go about to soil the natives. Let the republican therefore be careful; for his

works take such a hold on the mind that it is necessary to mind your hold. His style is pleasing, except to a very few, who can leap over that to the subject-matter.'

MACAULAY had objected, it seems, to the orthography of WEBSTER, which was being followed by his American publishers, the Brothers HARPER: whereupon the '*Staff*' remarks: 'For ourself, we do n't care three straws about it: we are democrat enough to claim the small privilege of spelling our words as we please, right or rong. If we relinquish this, the next thing they will object to our choice of words! However, *verbum saphead*: enough on *that* head. We heartily recommend MACAULAY's history, such as it is.'

A forcible example is given of the independent spirit of the editor, in his notice of the '*Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, by Sir Walter Scott, Bart.*' He is 'willing to praise, but not afraid to blame:.'

'MR. BART has done a good service to the cause of letters by these volumes, which have now been published some years. It does us good to review the work. NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was a man of talents, which subsequent events prove. NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, we think, will yet find his level, and posterity may live to thank us for what we have here said. We have one bone to pick with him, however, which we should have done if we had met him among the Simpons or the Twoilleries. He had not ought, on the score of congenial affection, for to have divorced his wife, if she *was* a colored woman; and if we had a-met her before he done the deed, we would have said to her: 'JOSEPHINE, stand to your rights!' While we're about it, we may as well say we've another bone to pick with Mr. BART. He do n't do justice to that poor creater shut up on Saint Helena, where Mr. CIRRIANI could n't get fire wood to warm him, nor any good oil to put in his lamp, nor mutton which was worth a single cent, nor half water enough for his bath, nor half wine enough for his water; and what wine he had was made of sour grapes and sugar-of-lead, giving the poor captyve a stomach-ache every day; and yet BART wants to make out that the overseer 'gin the old hero a good deal more than he deserved! But Mr. BARR is an Englishman, and an Englishman is a hectoring bully, wherever you find him; and he is n't any thing else.'

There is a gem of musical criticism in a subsequent number, upon the performance on the violin, (before a 'select few,' the editor included, of M. SCREITCH OUEL, a distinguished foreign 'artist:')

'APART from the ruddy flesh-color style of playing so prevalent now-a-days, we thought we perceived a sombre cast of intonation which marks the school of BANOELLI. His fingering we thought a trifle defective in the management of the second joint of the little finger, although some intuition would soon bend that to at least a warrantable degree of curve. We say this without at all meaning to reflect on Mr. OUEL, whose playing-hand no doubt conscientiously follows the school in which it was fetched up, and is far from meaning to do wrong. To compensate this, his slide is wonderful; and in some instances we thought he would be flat down, lapsing considerably beyond the slight *tremolo* which would have been sufficient. We would recommend a shake-and-a-half more in the *à fortiori* passage of the *cavat* to *Luscreechia*, and a little more firmness in the *cadenza*; as this is only in accordance with the dicta of the very best violin-players during the last fifty years. It is, however, a mere shadow on the general sunlight of that exquisite *cavat*, for which we thank our friend for rendering it so well as he done it. In handling the in-

strument, M. OUEL is, in the upward stroke, firm and judicious; his downward stroke might be praps a leetle whittled away, we think; not, however, without danger to the equipoise.'

Indeed, the '*Staff*' was always preëminent in its musical criticisms. Its notice of the advent of LEOPOLD DE MEYER, the pianist 'Thunderer,' under the *nom de plume* of 'HERR SMASH,' was a very striking piece of 'strong writing.' He gave a concert in Bunkum, where his 'Grand Piano' was 'secured to the floor by transverse timbers, and a sidelong piece of iron.'

'HERR SMASH soon entered with a bust of unanimous applause. His appearance was exentrik. A bushy head like a bushel, and a smear of mustashes onto his upper lip, otherwise a frock-coat and sundries. He also carried a cambrick handkerchif perfumed with musk. We smelt it. He took his position, planting himself firm, while two upholsterers tacked his coat tails with little brass studs, also secured his body with ropes. His audience were by this time at the highest point of the *key-veeve*, and time they was. He took off his gloves, hurled his eyes all round the theayter, looking grim, held his wrists about three feet above the key-board, letting the ends of his fingers hang down, his hair stood right up, and we knew that eminent jepardy was a-coming. So held them for three minutes, while all the whole audience was nigh out of breath, and while they was so, down he came with his ten finger-nails! After this, he looked round with a smile, and the enthusiasm of the audience, unable to hold out any longer, broke through all bounds. Before this was over he lifted up his fingers and down he came again, insomuch that the brass plate of the piano was wrenched off, and one leg thrown pretty much across the room. Unmindful of this, he now began galloping with his fingers from end to end of the instrument, turning head over heels between a quaver and a semi-quaver, and all right again and on, before any body would know that there was any time lost. He first played Yankee Doodle, out of compliment, smothering it up with the blanket of ornament, and so tucking it in, that when the poor Yankee did peep out with its face we hardly knowed it. Says we to ourself, 'Can this be Yankee Doodle come to town, Yankee Doodle dandy?' After this however, unloosing his musical bark from the wharf of patriotism, he began to play the Battle of Prague, the Battle of the Nile, Battle of the Pyramids, Battle of Wagram, Battle of Austerlitz and Battle of Bunker Hill, all concentred into one grand junction cannonade, which after the third volley ripped off his coat-tails, tore up the brass nails, and threw the lid of the piano clean across the room, while the sensation of the audience was unmitigated in the extreme. Ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and children at the breast bawled aloud, while some friends of ours were so foolish as to bohoo out of mere enthusiasm. Just as you think it all done, horns, fiddles, cymbals, gong, and kettle-drum with a bang; bang; bang; bang; tiddle de diddle de idle; bang, bang, bang, tiddle de dum de idle; BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG; then a slow measured *bang*; BANG; BANG; then at it again with a fiddle de iddle de iddle de crash! crash! smash! and with that legs, keys, iron, wire, sank down on the floor in one mass of hetereogeneous chaos, and HERR SMASH, his hair on eend; his coat tails ripped off; his eyes flashing fire; his mustashes looking thunder; his fists clenched; his meouth foaming, ran right off the stage.'

Those of our readers 'of long ago,' who remember HERR SMASH's terrible 'style,' will scarcely recognize in this an exaggerated picture. At the time we

write, the following is as applicable as it was years ago. The House of Representatives is just getting over a long 'pinch' for a Speaker:

'THE session of Congress has commence, and we are now going to throw out some remarks for their good. We see they can't get no speaker as yet. Bime-by, we're afeered, there will be *too many* Speakers. That ain't all: *they'll speak too much!* They usually spend the fust part of the session in balloting, and the middle in doing nothing, and the latter eend, when the business ought to taper off gradual, and come to the sharp p'int of an accomplished good, which will puncturate into all time, they get the business all huddled up like a drove of sheep in a corner, and nothing to do but to scratch and hurry and sweep together the bills and papers, the most of which they chuck under the table.' . . . 'Representatifs of the people, slappin' you onto the back, we say to you firmly, yet with apparent kindness, 'Alter your tictaes in this matter.'

The editor was not without his personal admirers, who occasionally remembered him, in a delicate way, by appropriate and tasteful presents. One of these he thus felicitously acknowledges: 'A lurge sweet SQUASH have been sent to us, with the 'admiring good-wishes' of a fervent friend;' and though we want such esculent vegetables for the use't of our family, we shall forbear to cook it, but hang it up into our orifice, to stimulate us to further literary efforts. Thanks! thanks!' Mr. WAGSTAFF is greatly encouraged; he put his sheet at a low figure, and takes almost 'any thing' and every thing in payment; as witness the following:

'It affords us the most adequate satisfaction to state that the '*Staff*' goes good: it is firmly planted on the top wave of an advancing public opinion, and gifted with eagle-wings, and a heart of oak, incited by moral purposes, and devoted to advertisements. It has received the most marked encomiums. Our brother has written to us in the most flattering terms of our journal. All talent snapped up as it occurs. There will be a series of discriminating articles on music, to which we call the attention of amateurs. Principles of 'Ninety-eight and all the great measures of the day, as well as other principles, fully sustained. Vice uprooted by the heels, and cast him like an oxious weed away. All kinds of job-work executed with neatness and despatch. The fine arts and literature fully discussed. Horses and cabs to let by the editor. Old newspapers for sale at this office. WANTED, AN APPRENTICE. He must be bound for eight years, fold and carry papers, ride post once-t a-week to Babylon, Pequog, Jericho, Old Man's, Mount Misery, Hungry Harbor, Hetchabon-nuck, Coram, Miller's Place, Skunk's Manor, Fire Island, Mosquito Cove and Montauk Point, on our old white mare, and must find and blow his own horn. RUN AWAY, AN INDENTED APPRENTICE, named JOHN JOHNS, sear on his head, one ear gone, and no debts paid of his contracting. California gold, banks at par, pistareens, flip-penny bits, and United'n States's curreney in general, received in subscription. Also, store pay, potatoes, corn, rye, oats, eggs, beans, pork, grits, hay, old rope, lambs'-wool, shovels, honey, shorts, dried cod, catnip, oil, but'nut bark, paints, glass, putty, hemp, snake-root, cord-wood, live geese feathers, saxafax, dried apples, hops, new cider, axe-handles, mill-stones, hemlock gum, bacon and hams, ginshang-root, vinegar, punkins, ellacompaine, harness, hops, ashes, slippery-ellum bark, clams, nails, varnish, sheet-iron, sapsago cheese, old junk, whisk-brooms, manure, and all other produce, taken in exchange. WANTED TO HIRE, A NEW MILCH FARRER Cow; give eight quarts of milk night and morning; also, to change milks with some neighbor with a cheese-press for a skim-milk cheese once-t a week.'

We shrewdly suspect that the 'circumstance' mentioned below *has* 'a ground basis and sustratum of fact':

'THE following occurred very lately on the Hemptstead plains. A party, consisting of I, and MARTIN VAN BUREN, Ex-President, and JOHN and some others, were travelling on a very foggy night. We suppose you could not see your identical nose on your face. We presently got off the road onto a race-course, by the Judge's Stand. Here we asked a man, and he said: 'Keep your eyes on yender light, and you will come ought straight.' We followed the light, and went straight on followin' the road, until, in due course of time, we come out by what appeared to be the Judge's Stand; but this time we take no notice of it, only kept on followin' the road. The course being round, and yet the road appearin' pretty near straight, we kept on, until the second time, coming round to the Judge's Stand, one of the party says: 'Appears to me, we have seen that objek before.' I said, 'No, I guess you're mistaken:' so we kept straight on again, for the light appeared as far off as ever. A third time, in the space of say pretty near half an hour, we come round to that stand again, and then we all exclaim, sotto, and also viva vocey: 'WE ARE ONTO A RACE-COURSE!'

Could any thing be more delicate than the subjoined? The insinuation is so adroit, its expression so *very* Bunkumish, that we cannot resist the inclination to re-produce it for the benefit of Mr. WAGSTAFF's contemporaries, 'here, there, and everywhere':

'RESPONSIF to an appeal in the last 'Staff,' we have received from the Messrs. Allbrook, of Bunkum, accompanied with a very handsome letter, some bottles of the vintage, which we found to be most pure and medycinal and done our health good. We had hardly consumed one of them before we were met by a subscriber in the street who immediately said, 'WAGSTAFF, how well you look!—you bin to the springs?'

'No,' said we; 'we have had a present of some wine, and it has put new life into us.'

'The very pleasantest part of the letter was, which was itself cheering, and showed that they love us, that if ever we got sick again, (and who can perwidge against sickness?) they had more of such medicine, and to call on them for just as much as we want. They must be Allbrook, to be sure, if that's the way their heart's flow out in keindness to their fellow-men; and we are glad there is such a firm in Bunkum, and that the firm has such remedies to dispose of. However, the 'Staff' is the last one that would ride a willing horst to death. It never will do it.'

Faithful to his promise of devoting much attention to musical matters for the benefit of 'amatoors,' the 'Staff' elaborately notices the 'Sweedish cockatrice,' JENNY LIND: 'Her voice is not square: it is of an oval texture. When she got up in the *sustenuuto*, we stood aghash: but when she tried the *flauto*, the *obligato*, and sunk down to the *crupperico* notes, we knocked under. She has little merit as an artist, but as a singer, she's good.' We bring our extracts from the editorial department of 'The Flag-Staff' to a close, with the annexed brace of thoughtful passages, which have more valuable inculcation in them than may meet the eye of the merely casual reader:

'A LITTLE TIFE.'—Oh! how many are carried too far, *far* too far, we are afraid, by this nefarious practice! They will even take a little tiff before twelve o'clock M., the meridian of the day; and if they keep on till twelve M. the meridian of

life, they will be confirmed sots, and the blood-red streaks be seen shooting through their countenances. Friends, do not do it! We had rather see you teetotalers than to indulge in too many of these tiffs. You must govern your propensities, but the moment that they take the reins out of your hands, your carriage will be smashed into a thousand atoms! Then, at the last end of your life, you will be obliged for preservation to abstain even from a glass of wine. Use the good things of God as not abusing them. If you must abuse them, you better not touch them. But we should be sorry to bring you to this pass, and have you say, as in an ancien' chronicle, 'Alas! what have I do!' Do not interput that ancien' chronicle where he say:

'I CANNOT eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But I can drink, while I do wink,
With him that wears a hood:

'Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both feet and hands go cold,
But Belly! God send thee good ale enow,
Whether it be new or old!'

'Now this ancien' man who thought so much of his stomach, and composed this versicle, was himself a solemn warnink. He lost his appetite. He say himself he did n't care anythink for wholesome meat vittles:

'I HAVE no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire —
Much meat I not desire.'

Of course not, and he say why; because he was so completly rapt and lapt in the fomelted maltuous sperrits!'

'THE BIBLE. — We sincerely wish that people would read the BIBLE more, and talk about it less. We have now 'THE BARDS OF THE BIBLE.' And what can be said of the bards of the BIBLE more than they say for themselves? Can the Psalmist be clapt upon the back patronizingly, and be told that he writes well, and that Mr. GILFILLAN admires him? Was it not enough to have the 'Old Men of the Bible,' the 'Young Men of the Bible,' the 'Women of the Bible,' the 'Babies of the Bible,' and must we have the Bards of the Bible? Oh! the Holy Book is above praise. Mr. GILFILLAN might clap his hands till they were raw, to applaud the harp of DAVID, and it would be no use. In short, we would say, read the BIBLE more than you read those who *advise* you to read the BIBLE.'

A specimen or two of the 'Advertisements' of the 'Staff' brings us to the end of our tether. The 'bill' of the 'Bunkum Museum' was copied by MARRYATT into the book which he published on his return to England from this country, not only without credit, but as an actual specimen of 'Theatricals in America.' The short advertisements also take Burlesque to its terminus:

BUNKUM MUSEUM. — Just opened, with 100,000 Curiosities, and performance in Lecter-Room; among witch may be found TWO LIVE BOAR CONSTRICTORS, Mail and Femail.

ALSO!!

A STRIPED ALGEBRA, STUFF.

BESIDES!!

A PAIR OF SHUTTLE COCKS, and one SHUTTLE HEN — alive!

THE!

SWORD WITCH GEN. WELLINGTON
FIT WITH AT THE BATTEL OF
WATERLOO! whom is six feet long,
and broad in proportion.

WITH!

A ENORMUSS RATTLETAIL SNAIK — a
regular whopper!!

AND!

THE TUSHES OF A HIPOTENUSE.

TOGETHER WITH!!
A BENGALL TIGER: SPOTTED LEPROSY!
GREAT MORAL SPECTACLE OF

Mount Vesubius!!

PART ONE.

SEEN opens. Distant Moon. View of Bey of Napels. A thin smoke rises. *It is the Beginning of the Eruption!* The Naples folks begin to travel. Yaller fire, folloered by silent thunder. Awful consternation. *Sutlein rumbles!* It is the Mounting preparin' to Vomick! They call upon the Fire Department. *It's no use!* Flight of stool-pidgeons. A cloud of impenetrable smoke hang over the fated city, through witch the Naplers are seen makin' tracks. Awful explosion of bulbs, kurbs, tourniquets, pin-wheels, serpentes, and tourbillon spirals!! The Moulting Laver begins to squish out!!

END OF PART ONE.

COMIC SONG.

The Parochial Beedle,.....Mr. MULLET.

LIVE INJUN ON THE SLACK WIRE.

Live Injun,.....Mr. MULLET.

OBLIGATOIRES ON THE CORNUCOPIA,
BY SIGNOR VERMICELLI.

Signor VERMICELLI,.....Mr. MULLET.

In the course of the evening will be an exhibishun of Exileratin' Gass! upon a Laffin Highena!

Laffin Highena,.....Mr. MULLET.

PART TWO.

BEY of Naples 'luminated by Bengola Lites. The lava gushes down. Through the smoke is seen the city in a state of conflagration. The last family! *'Whar is our parents!'* A red hot stone of eleving tuns weight falls onto 'em, and mashes 'em. The bear-headed father falls scentless before the statoo of the Vergin! *Denumong!!*

THE HOLE TO CONCLUDE WHITH A

GRAND SHAKSPEARING PYROLIG-
NEOUS DISPLAY OF FIREWURX!!

We have a faint suspicion that Mr. WAGSTAFF was induced to vacate the editorial chair of the 'Flag-Staff,' in consequence of a collision which occurred between himself and one of his 'constitooents,' a candidate for the legislature. A severe leader, in the editor's 'best style,' had appeared in the 'Staff,' reflecting upon the character and standing of the legislative aspirant. He called at once to see the editor, who was not personally acquainted with him, and 'with a singular smile upon his face,' asked him 'if he wrote that interesting article?' 'We answered in the negative that we did, and that we were glad he was pleased with it—it was so hard to write good.' 'Pleased with it!' he exclaimed: 'I'll show you how 'pleased' I am with it: I am the gentleman you've printed on, and I've come to ring your nose for it, you nincumnonplus of an editor!' And

Maroon Bulbs, changing to a spiral weel, witch changes to the Star of our Union; after, to beautiful p'int of red lites; to finish with Busting into a Brilliant Perspiration!!!

During the performance a No. of Poplar Airs will be performed on the Scotch Fiddle and Bag-Pipes, by a Real Highlander. Real Highlander,.....Mr. MULLET.

Any boy making a muss will be injected to-unc-t.

As the Bunkum Museum is Temperance, no drinkin' aloud; but any one can find the best of lickers in the Sloon below.

Admissin 25 Cents: Children on the usual terms.

A CHOCTAW, now in this city, will be willing to teach his language for his board. Samp required for breakfast.

WANTED: A STOVE. It must be air-tight, and burn one stick of wood per day, and be good for cooking. A recent patent preferred.

WANTED, a pious Coachman, for a pious man, to drive a plain pair of sober horses.

INGINS.—Six carboys of Ingins, now landing from Schooner Wethersfield, at Digby's Lower Wharf. Entitled to Deben-ture, on Store and in Bond. S. & J. DRYS.

LONG-ISLAND PUTTY.—Six quintals of best Long-Island Putty. For sale in lots to suit Purchasers. Assorted Sizes. G. G. & R. RIGDUM.

TRIPE.—Six cases Connecticut Tripe, of the vintage of 1850. Warranted sound, and to do no damage to the human system. S. HIGGINS.

ISTERS.—Twelve tons Heckabonnoek Harbor'Isters, assorted sizes. The best in the world, anywheres. In lots to suit. SNOOKS ET FILS.

SPRUCE-GUM TO CHOR.—A cord and a half of good chorin' Spruce-Gum. In lump or stick. B. W. F. LAYMAN LAMPSON.

with that, he knocked our hat over our eyes, seized our nose between his two gritty fore-fingers, and squeezed and twisted it till it bled. He then left. We said nothing, for it was done on political grounds. Who would n't be willing to submit to such a trifle, to enjoy the free speech of a powerful newspaper? We felt elevated by the act; and if we had had two noses, would have turned to him the other also, for a second pull.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — We do n't *know* about that, exactly, let us say to our frank old metropolitan bachelor-friend, who, 'being in a communicative mood,' addresses us an entertaining, one-sided missive, setting forth the supreme delights of '*Old Bachelorism*.' We doubt whether, in all cases, we *do* 'look through the same spectacles:' for we were thinking this moment, that we would n't give the *feel* of our little boy's hand when he wakes up in the night and puts it in ours, or of his and his little sister's out-door kiss, though their red lips were as cold as the snow in which they were 'pel-laying,' for all the lonely hotel joys with which he would tempt us. But he shall be heard, nevertheless:

'I FEEL assured by your monthly outpouring of thoughts and sentiments, that *we* look at the foibles and follies in the game of life which is being played on this rotating globe, from the same point of view, and through the same ungilded spectacles.

'I tell you frankly, I am no youth. I have reached the age of wisdom untrammelled, for which I am thankful. With no wife to ride some favorite hobby to the terror of my pocket; with no squalling children to annihilate each sleeping night; here in my hotel I live in peace and quietness; ring my bell unfearingly when I require waiting on, and poke my own fire when it needs it. My friends exclaim, when we meet during my morning promenade on Broadway: 'Why, how stout you're getting!' I know I am not as small about the waist as I was a few years ago. But who likes to see a wasp-waisted fellow wriggling along out of breath, and making his bow to the simpering girls he meets as if he was going to break in two! Not *I*. Give me your 'stout,' if you please, individual, who puts his foot down with a consciousness that the blood is coursing unrestricted through his veins, and that his manly, substantial appearance inspires respect. Owing to a severe attack of measles in my youth, (for I conceive it to proceed from no other cause,) the hair has recently commenced falling from the top of my head, and a looking-glass reveals to me a constantly widening bald spot: my whiskers also, from the same misfortune, are lightly frosted; of course I feel it a duty to restore them if possible to their original color, and allow my barber to apply a kind of dark pomatum — not dye, mind you; *that* I never would consent to. Dye in any form I abhor. Never say 'Dye!' Many of my acquaintances use it, I know; but they are no models for *me*.

'My days are passed in a very rational and pleasant manner. I rise in the morning at nine, after my fire has been lighted. (Some persons, out of mere bravado, boast of dressing in a cold room.) At ten I descend to breakfast, after which, for an hour or more, I enjoy my segar and morning paper. A long promenade on Broadway comes next, not to admire and gaze after females, I assure you; but

for exercise. It is as necessary as eating. One o'clock is my lunch-hour; a delightful smoke — my *choice* Havanas — follows. (I've positively heard women pronounce smoking a *nasty habit*. They'd deny men every comfort if they could.) At three o'clock my man JOHN drives my bays up to the door. I'm fond of horses. In I jump and take a turn on the road to see who's out. Back at six to dine. This *table d'hôte* fashion I don't like. The airs of young damsels trying to 'catch' husbands; and young fops with clean handkerchiefs and collars for the occasion, attitudinizing to gain the admiration of the before-mentioned damsels, disgust me. Evening generally finds me at the opera, theatre, or strolling about town. I ask you candidly, is any married life comparable with mine? Wife cross; no servants; dinner spoiled; children sick, and a thousand-and-one other troubles are experienced daily by married men. Many is the time I've thanked my stars that I am single and free!

'There is one thing in this fashion-mad age that I detest worse than any other. It is a dancing-party, or 'crush,' as it is termed. How I was ever tempted to attend one, is my constant wonderment. I thought, when I received a card of invitation from my old friends, the SMITHS, stating that they would be happy to see me on a certain evening, and heard privately that the young ladies were to make their first appearance in society on that occasion, or 'coming out,' as it is called, that it was to be a very select and quiet affair. Imagine my surprise, when, on getting within two squares of the house, and hearing a band of music in full blast, I said to a young friend who was also going to the 'crush,' 'They must be serenading some politician, by the noise,' and heard him reply:

'Oh! no! They are just commencing a polka-redowa.'

'With that he quickened his pace, dragging me along, and we soon reached the 'brown-stone mansion,' our destination. Every window was a blaze of light. When the door was thrown open, and we entered the hall, a babel of sounds struck my ear, such as it had never heard before. After ten minutes' unceasing struggle, I gained the stairs, wiped my perspiring brow, and gazed down upon the heaving sea of heads that filled every part of both parlors and hall, in perfect amazement. While I stood thus stupified with the sight and sound, my hat in my hand, an impudent negro rushed down the stairs, shouted in my ear, 'Gentlemen in the back, room, second story,' and disappeared. Directly my young friend also passed me-saying, as he pointed over his shoulder: 'Back-room, second story.' I concluded to make my way to the 'back-room, second story,' to see what it contained. The door stood open, and I entered. It was filled with young dandies, some brushing their hair, some their boots, and some their clothes; but from what I heard, I should judge their conversation needed the most brushing. In every corner, on every chair, upon the tops of the doors were piled mountains of coats and hats. I took off my overcoat, a new one, tried every closet-door to find a suitable place to hang it up; found them all locked, and was obliged to deposit it upon one pile of garments, and my hat upon another. I then descended to the 'regions below,' the hall; and after numerous unsuccessful efforts, reached the drawing-room door in safety. The deafening music had ceased, but the clatter of tongues was, if any thing, louder than before. Near to where I stood I noticed several young women consulting pieces of gilt-edged paste-board, and heard them whisper among themselves that same strange word, 'Polka-Redowa.' Very soon the music struck up in all its force; couple after couple embraced, and commenced whirling round and round in a very strange manner. I made up my mind to watch the damsels who had been whispering together,

and see how they would act under the circumstances. As soon as a man approached and looked at one of them, out she stepped, he passed his right arm around her waist, took her right hand in his left, but said not a word: she leaned her head languidly upon his shoulder; both then commenced moving their feet rapidly, and away they spun, round and round like the rest, now to the right, now to the left, now backward now forward, bumping and bouncing against the other couples in the crowd. I caught a glimpse of my hostesses once in a while; but as for getting near enough to speak with them, it was quite out of the question. After several hours of this whirling, supper was announced; and into the supper-room the whole company marched, two by two, to the sound of martial music. Then commenced one of the greatest battles for eatables I ever saw or ever heard of. With the pushing, hauling, crowding and grabbing, the refreshments soon disappeared—the greater portion upon the floor; my clothes were completely ruined by the stewed oysters, ice-cream, jelly and champagne that was spilled upon them.

'I beat a retreat from that place in double-quick time, and was soon comfortably seated in my own chamber; a segar in my mouth, and slippers upon my feet, vowing 'never, positively *never*,' to be caught at such an affair again.'

'P.' is quite right about '*A Crush*,' for it is unquestionably the very negation of comfort, and all sensible enjoyment; but in his bachelor-estimate of '*Home*,' and '*Children*,' he is, to make use of a strong expression of dissent, 'faulty.' 'Leastways,' that is *our* opinion. - - - We perceive that several of our contemporaries are in the regular habit of imparting a wonderful amount and astounding variety of information to their readers, in their '*Notices to Correspondents*.' We feel not a little alarm at the thought that we shall be compelled to adopt a similar course: 'alarm,' because the various research that it must impose upon us will of necessity be immense, and greatly enhance the magnitude of our editorial duties. The following, however, require immediate 'treatment':

'MACAULAY.'—Yes: under the direction of the London publishers, the '*History of England*,' beginning where Lord MACAULAY left off, will be carried forward to completion, or onward to the commencement of the reign of VICTORIA, by F. MARQUHAR TUPPER, Esq., LL.D., A.S.S., etc., author of '*Proverbial Philosophy*,' and other kindred works. The styles of the two writers are greatly similar. Mr. TUPPER's genius is hereditary. His mother, it is now generally conceded, was the author of '*JUNIUS*' Letters.'

'DISCOVERER.'—No: that is, not *literally*. The *first* discoverer, strictly speaking, was the dove sent out by NOAH from his ark, who brought back a proof of the fact. Thus *Columba*, a dove, discovered the Old World, while COLUM-

bus discovered the New-World: and what is equally remarkable, one came from NOAH, and the other from *Ge-noa*.

'A BIBLICAL STUDENT.'—'What was the character of the 'Harpes' which the Jews 'hung upon the willows,' when they sat down and cried by the rivers of Babylon?' *Jews'-harps*, we take it, of course; the common brass and iron *Jews'-harps* 'of commerce.' The trees by the rivers were full of them.

'NILUS.'—The '*Cataracts of the Nile*,' so called, are named from the *ophthalmia*, which prevails in certain places along the borders of that classic stream. It unites with the Ilissus *above* these infected quarters: hence the error of MILTON, who calls the latter a '*whispering stream*.' Thousands of persons get together daily near the junction, and

howl with sore eyes: thus both streams are peculiarly noisy. The '*Worms of Nile*' have been almost entirely removed. Several years ago, through the intervention of our Consul at Tampico, a case of the celebrated '*North-American Vermifuge*' (see advertisement elsewhere in the present number) was taken to the very source of the Nile, by an adventurous tourist, the corks removed, and the whole emptied into the stream. The consequence was, that the wriggling inhabitants of that famous river eloped at once for the ocean, and the stream is now healthy and pure. Recent travellers make no mention of having seen a single worm in the Nile.

'*An Upholsterer*' is right. The legitimate yellow of the native gosling begins to change about the sixth month after egression from the maternal shell. The original tint may hang about the pin-feathers underneath, but the goose aspect and costume predominate thereafter. The transition of *voice*, from the adolescent, tender 'peep' of the offspring, to the big adult *quack*, is surprising indeed. This point will be fully elucidated in future numbers, under our head of '*Original Autobiography*.'

'*SPHYNX*.'—'*Did King SOLOMON take Snuff?*' In our desire to instruct, we do not wish to be played upon. Assuming that '*SPHYNX*' is in earnest, we

answer emphatically *No*: Tobacco had not then been discovered.

'*EASEL*.'—We can put '*EASEL*' at once at his ease. CLAUDE LORRAINE was a glazier of Lombardy. Unfortunately he took little *pains* with his profession, but dabbled with brushes and paint-pot instead. He was good at small sketches in portraiture, but was too lazy to complete any thing which he ever began. His *penchant* was for sign-painting; and at the time of his death he had engagements for three hundred beer-houses and tavern insinias; but he never completed one of them. Hence arose the striking sentence (now passed into a saying) which was spoken of him by HOMER in his *Bucolies*: '*He died, and made no sign.*'

'*MOUSTACHE*' is obviously in error. There is no authentic account (although we admit that verbal ones have obtained) that whiskers formerly sprouted monthly on the ancient Sphynxes. The question at once arises, '*Who shaved them?*' Had they continued to grow, they would have overrun the whole mighty features which they adorned.

'*INVESTIGATOR*.'—The opinion current among the Brahmins that VOLTAIRE wrote CLARKE'S Commentaries is wholly unfounded in point of fact. That learned and pious work is the joint production of VICTOR HUGO and the celebrated PICKWICK.

If our readers are sufficiently impressed with the labor required to produce these authentic '*Answers*,' and properly appreciate our endeavors to enlighten them, after the manner of some of our contemporaries, we may be induced to present another equally interesting and instructive batch, at some future period: for we are 'assiduous to please.' - - - SENATOR SEWARD, not long since, in addressing his friends, neighbors and fellow-citizens of Auburn, Cayuga county, who had assembled to give him a hearty welcome after his long sojourn abroad, spoke feelingly of his cordial reception, and expressed the great delight he experienced at being once more in the beautiful city to which his heart had so often longingly turned during his prolonged absence. He adverted incidentally to the fact, that often, in praising his own 'sweet Auburn,' he had been reminded of a 'blemish of its beauty,' in the State-Prison, which rises gloomy and frowning, in

the north-western section of the city. Senator SEWARD might have defended this great structure, we think, on other than mere moral grounds. It is a most imposing architectural erection; and we have seen it when its aspect was almost sublime in its gloomy grandeur. One of the strongest evidences of the impression which it makes upon the mind is, that you regard it with the same emotions in looking at it as a MAN, with which you first beheld it as a BOY. Our first view of the prison as a lad, was from the height of Genesee-street, where it is intersected by another street which runs past the east front of the structure. A soft, wet snow-storm was being hurled against its walls and wings, and battlemented erections within: it was wet and dark and dismal: but how it filled the young imagination as a Prison! We saw it once, four or five years after, in the bright light of the rising sun, as we rode into the village from the East, with the driver of 'I. M. SHERWOOD's Telegraph stage-coach.' The echoes of the bugle from the walls were dying away, and 'Copper JOHN' stood triumphant, with his musket by his side, upon the apex of the flying buttresses which crown the central tower. The bold blue-granite walls and the great structure itself, seemed to fill the eye in the direction of the north-west. Five or six years ago, we saw it again. Our first impression of its weird architectural effects had not changed a particle. Auburn State-Prison, like the spire of Saint PAUL's Church in our city, 'fills the eye' at first sight, and the mind never loses the impression which is at once conveyed to it. *Ours* never has. - - - NOTHING but the 'great moral truth,' (namely, that all sausages 'are not what they seem,') embodied in the parody on SOUTHEY's 'Battle of Blenheim,' has secured even a reference to that production in these pages. Our correspondent, if he be our reader as well, should have known that parodies, as a general thing, are our especial aversion. Nevertheless, we cut a specimen-slice from the Blenheim sausage:

'It was a Sunday evening:
Old CASPAR, having come
To get a glass of beer, sat down
And forthwith ordered some:
Beside him, munching cakes and bits
Of candy, sat his little FRITZ.

'He saw his brother HEINRICH
Have something queer and round,
Which he within the bar-room,
While playing there, had found.
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so very queer and round.

'Now tell us all about the trade!
The little HEINRICH cries;
And little munching FRITZ looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes:
'Now tell us all about the trade
And how these sausages are made.'

'T is not so nice,' old CASPAR cried,
'As making cheese or krout,
And how most sausages are made
Is a matter of great doubt;
But every body thinks,' quoth he,
'That few are what they ought to be.'

Oh! cannon-balls and sausages! - - - WE are not a 'Brother of the Mystic Tie;' but greatly do we honor the close heart-communion, the noble *esprit de corps*, which binds the world-wide brotherhood of 'free and accepted MASONS,' together. We were forcibly impressed with the remarks of Sir Knight PARKER, (a grandson of the famous RED JACKET, and his successor as Chief of the Six Nations,) at the grand Masonic Banquet held in Chicago, last autumn, the proceedings of which, it would appear, have but recently been published. The Chief is described as a 'full-blood' Indian, but highly educated, and an exceedingly eloquent and effective speaker: 'Few white men could equal his charms of action and utterance.'

'He spoke of himself as almost a lone remnant of what was once a noble race; of his struggles in coming forward to manhood, and seeing his race disappearing as the dew before the morning sun. As he found his race thus wasting away, he asked himself: 'Where shall I go when the last of my race shall have gone forever? Where shall I find home and sympathy when our last council-fire is extinguished? I said, I will knock at the door of MASONRY, and see if the white race will recognize me, as they had my ancestors, when we were strong and the white men weak. I knocked at the door of the *Blue Lodge*, and found brotherhood around its altar. I knelt before the Great Light in the Chapter, and found companionship beneath the Royal Arch. I entered the Encampment, and found valiant Sir Knights willing to shield me there without regard to race or nation. I went farther. I knelt at the cross of my SAVIOUR, and found Christian brotherhood, the crowning charity of the Masonic tie. I feel assured that when my glass is run out, and I shall follow the foot-steps of my departed race, Masonic sympathies will cluster round my coffin, and drop in my lonely grave the evergreen acacia, sweet emblem of a better meeting! If my race shall disappear from this continent, I have the consoling hope that our memory will not perish. If the deeds of my ancestors shall not live in story, their memories will remain in the names of your lakes and rivers, your towns and cities, and will call up memories otherwise forgotten.'

After pouring forth in words like these, the exuberance of a full heart, he sat down, 'amidst the solemn silence and deep emotion of the guests.' At length, however, he arose again, and said:

'Few eyes could hold their tears as he poured forth in words like these the utterances of a full heart. Silence for a time prevailed after he sat down, when he rose and said: 'I have omitted one thing which I ought to have said. I have in my possession a memento which I highly prize—I wear it near my heart. It came from my ancestors to me, as their successor in office. It was a present from WASHINGTON to my grandfather, RED JACKET, when your nation was in its infancy. You will all be glad to see and handle it, and I should do wrong were I not to give you the opportunity.' As he spoke thus, he removed the wampum from his neck, and drew from his bosom a large massive medal, in oval form, some seven inches by five, and it passed from hand to hand along the tables. On one side of this medal was engraved, in full length, the figure of the two chiefs: RED JACKET, in costume, presenting the pipe of peace, and WASHINGTON, with right hand extended, as in the act of receiving it. On the other side were the Masonic emblems, with the date 1792, if my memory is correct. The significance of this gift to the savage chief is, that WASHINGTON and he were *Masons*.'

APROPPOS of Masonry: our sometime correspondent, 'KIT KELVIN,' sends us a gossippy 'screed,' describing a social gathering of a Lodge of the 'Mystic Tie,' which he recently attended: a communication, extracts from which will be 'in keeping' in this connection:

'WELL do I remember, when a boy, the preparations for celebrating '*Saint John's Day*' by the Fraternity. It was a famous display; and not only those most interested, but the curious and the lovers of the order, gave up the entire day for the purpose. Men, women, and children assembled, and with divine blessing invoked, listened to some well-appointed lecturer, who gave in words simple and impressive, sentiments of Faith, Hope, and Charity. And then the barbeque under trees and upon the sward, where crowded the gallant and fair, to meet in communion of friendly feeling and hearty well wishes! But faded is the custom: long ago was it wrapped and labelled and shelved in the old temple of Time. Years have added vellum and binding and covers until the stained package is looked upon by many who knew it not, and by many who are indifferent to its social recollections! And why is it? Our progressive, selfish, avaricious, grasping age has no sympathy for it—no desire to renew it; for there is *no money* in it. Yet photographed upon

some hearts are old remembrances, strong and enduring, which 'amid the hum and shock of men' have lasted like covered brands of hickory, that need only a slight *un-covering* to show a bright, genial, and sparkling warmth. Such are among us, and blessed be the one of *Holland Lodge, No. 8*, who took from the shelf this old bundle and opened it. I know my blessing will be echoed yet again, for this bundle is *so* dusty, and bears upon it so much of age, that he who hears of it will run to see its contents, and will in turn tell others, until not *one* room shall hold or one Tiler *tile* them. This resurrection shall go on until the breath of life shall be given to the dry bones of the valley, and they shall arise 'an exceeding great army;' and there shall be concord and union and brotherly love and the marrying of hearts, estranged because they knew not one another. Pardon a brief history of the lodge aforesaid. It was founded in the year of Light 5787, and of our Lord 1787. A long list of names there is of those who have been seated upon the 'high places of earth.' Marshaled in the front ranks is the name of GEORGE WASHINGTON: and following him are DE WITT CLINTON, COSTER, GRINNELL; LIVINGSTON, REMSEN, ASTOR, LAWRENCE, EMMETT, PAULDING, PERRY, RUTGERS, ROOSEVELT, STAGG, SUYDAM. They have gone, 't is true; but they have left the record of their deeds and achievements written far up and deeply upon the great tablet that will receive the inscriptions only of the good, the virtuous, and the just.

'And shall not the present list of the living tell of worth, intellect, good works, and brave acts? Of these there are those who wield heavy commercial, financial, literary, medical, and legal sceptres; who have helped to whiten oceans with canvas; who have helped to promote science and the arts, enterprise and the aggrandisement of nations; who have helped to brighten the fireside with the chaste diction of language; who have helped and stood by the weeping and fainting heart, giving courage to the living, and as God's instruments, life to the dying; who have helped and dispensed justice when malice, envy, and hate looked 'crushing triumph' to the innocent, and turned the oppressed into freedom, and the oppressor into bondage. Ay! here these all meet; and leaving the world and its sapping cares, speak with open hearts; and there is neither guile nor deception found therein.

'Some time since it was decided upon by the Lodge that the good old custom of social unions should be revived; and in accordance with the unanimous consent of the same, the first *Feast of Hearts* was held December twelfth, 1859. Nearly one hundred members sat down to viands rare and plenteous. North, South, East, and West gave in their peculiar supplies, and the sunny isles of the sea sent their fragrant offerings 'purple and gushing;' and therewith taste, neatness, order, and quietness abounded. The elder man, dignified in years as well as position, helped his younger brother, sans etiquette of rank or age; and heart met heart in out-running demonstrations of kindly feeling. Presiding in grace and dignity was the Master in the full gush of mental vigor and the noon of manhood; a physician of rank, and the highest merit; to his profession, an ornament; to the world, a gentleman of usefulness; to the craft a loved brother and superior officer—Dr. J. J. C——. At his left a well-known banker of distinction; to the world, a financier of eminent ability; to the social circle, a warm heart, crowded with the brightness of cheer and the sentiment of song—H. H. W——. Upon the right, the massive form of a renowned physician, princely in a mind of strength, and eminent as an author—Dr. W. W. S——. On each side were cohorts to all professions, valuable adjuncts to their avocations and to mental culture—BOAZ and JACHIN; while their mouths uttered the language of refinement, the humorous story and the pleasant song; gentlemen, here meeting for better acquaintance and a union of thought. The great Treasure-store of the World, the Bank, was represented by one who needs no description: although there was silver upon his head, his heart sang *truce to Twenty-five*—S. B. W——.

'To Mr. THORPE, a hundred hearts that night gave pleasant acknowledgments: and who of our Metropolis and Broadway has not tasted of his cuisine, and pronounced it good?'

APROPOS OF KIT KELVIN: we announced, not long since, 'with specifications,'

an illustrated volume of sketches, etc., with the felicitous title of '*Kit Kelvin's Kernels*,' as 'ready for press:' and so it was; but its publication has been delayed until the present time, owing to a temporary interruption in the business affairs of the publishers. We shall soon be able to welcome the volume from the press of A. S. ROLLO AND COMPANY. - - - It was our fortune to be present at a pleasant party of gentlemen and ladies, American and English, gathered the other night at the house of our friend S. H —, in Twenty-first street, where lordly mansions 'rule,' as the stock-brokers phrase it. After an elegant and sumptuous repast, beautifully served, the *recherché* board was exchanged for the spacious parlors, from which, after an hour with the ladies, several guests so disposed were invited to the billiard-room, in a spacious apartment of an upper story: and here occurred a 'surprise,' which amused us not a little. At either end of the apartment was a picture of a BRIDGE, unlike in every respect, but each very remarkable in its kind. One was the immense *Trestle-Bridge over the Genesee at Portage*, designed and built by our neighbor, Colonel S —, late State Engineer; the other was the *Crumelin Viaduct*, on the Newport and Hereford Railway, in England, designed and built by Mr. T. W. K —, in 1854-57: an iron structure seventeen hundred feet long, crossing the Crumelin Valley, at an elevation of two hundred and seven feet, the largest example of this class of construction in the world. Both engineers were present. K — knew that 'the COLONEL' built the wooden structure, and *our* engineer that his English 'contemporary' had built the iron one; but that *each* knew this, *neither* knew: so they fell to criticising each other's performance, much to the amusement of our excellent host and his friends. 'That's a singular, tumble-down looking concern,' said the English Engineer to 'the COLONEL:' 'what is it? — a bridge, d'ye fancy?' He was enlightened as to the true character of the erection: and presently they played round to the other end of the table; when the American Engineer's attention was attracted by the picture of the *English* viaduct. 'What in creation is *this*?' he asked: 'water-pipes? — an aqueduct? — or what? It did n't *stand*, of course, whatever it was!' It was now the English engineer's turn to explain; and when both 'knew *all*,' they joined heartily in the laugh which their colloquy had created. It may not be amiss to add, that both the American and the English structures are every way as secure as on the day they were opened. We have made reference to the pleasant gathering 'under notice,' for the reason that, among others, it brought us acquainted with Mrs. GEN. GAINES, whose indefatigable and righteous struggles for the recovery of '*her own*,' have secured for her an earnest admiration, perhaps even more general than that which her personal and intellectual graces and accomplishments are so well calculated to excite. And touching another matter: it is an exceedingly agreeable thing to be enabled to revise one's opinion favorably, against an unjust or indiscriminate prejudice. Among the English guests of our host (with others already mentioned) was a gentleman from London, an eminent broker, Mr. G —, from whom, in a conversation untinged with the slightest dogmatism or pretension of any sort, we derived so much and such various information, so agreeably conveyed, that it seemed almost to require a personal 'acknowledgment of *service*,' to adopt an expressive legal term. - - - '*The Rod*,' by the Rev. HORATIO

BONAR, D.D., alluded to in, but accidentally omitted from, our last number, closes with these fervent devotional lines :

'I SAID, my GOD, at length, this stony heart remove,
Deny all other strength, but give me strength to love.
Come nearer, nearer still, let not THY light depart;
Bend, break this stubborn will, dissolve this iron heart.

'Less wayward let me be, more pliable and mild;
In glad simplicity more like a trustful child.
Less, less of self each day, and more, my GOD, of THEE;
Oh ! keep me in the way, however rough it be.

'Less of the flesh each day, less of the world and sin;
More of THY love, I pray, more of THYSELF within.
Riper and riper now, each hour let me become,
Less fit for scenes below, more fit for such a home.

'More moulded to THY will, LORD, let THY servant be,
Higher and higher still, liker and liker THEE.
Have naught that is unmeet; of all that is mine own,
Strip me; and so complete my training for the throne.'

We shall pass nothing hereafter which bears the name of 'Rev. HORATIO BONAR, D.D.,' as the author. - - - WE hope our London agent will send a copy of the following to the author of '*Love me Little, love me Long.*' It is a remarkable bit of verbal twistification : 'A tall western girl named SHORT, *long* loved a certain big Mr. LITTLE ; while LITTLE, *little* thinking of SHORT, loved a *little* lass named LONG. To make a *long* story *short*, LITTLE proposed to LONG, and SHORT *longed* to be even with LITTLE's *short*-comings. So SHORT, meeting LONG, threatened to marry LITTLE before *long*, which caused LONG in a *short* time to marry LITTLE. Query : Did tall SHORT love big LITTLE less, because big LITTLE loved little LONG ?' - - - THE death of such a man and such an author as MACAULAY, is not an event to be merely noted, with a few incomprehensive terms of eulogy, in a Magazine like the KNICKERBOCKER. 'A great man has fallen : ' and a competent pen will be employed to do justice to his fame in these pages. It is well remarked by the '*Historical Magazine*,' that one might extend his obituary to an entire number ; so many and various were the services he rendered to letters, as poet, essayist, reviewer, historian. In all of them he was in the keeping of the historic muse. CLIO never had a more devoted son. He had that enthusiasm for the art which could be born only of native genius. From a boy he talked and wrote history. That Westminster Abbey should open to a man of such fame, a statesman, legislator, the author of a code of laws and of the history of his country, was but the concurrent voice of the heart and intelligence of England. In that kingly shrine his remains lie entombed ; in 'Poet's Corner,' amidst the illustrious men whom he delighted to celebrate ; in the libraries of the world he will long remain a living presence : ' his friends will bear him in their hearts. - - - THE London '*Saturday Review*,' a journal of distinguished talent, influence, and widely-increasing circulation, thus 'hits the nail on the head,' in some remarks upon the affected '*Geniality*' of the thousand-and-one imitators of genial WILSON's '*Noctes Ambrosianæ*'—a man 'of really great powers.' The '*Review*' observes : 'In the case of the swarm of small writers, who have not a spark of Professor WILSON's genius, the effort to be genial becomes, or rather is from first to last, simply disgusting. One of these

gentlemen, for example, wishes to give the public an account of a railway accident at which he was present. The 'genial' mode of doing so requires that he should begin with an account of his breakfast, and hints about his landlady. So he leads off thus: 'Breakfast. Hot coffee and buttered rolls. Splendid coffee: how I admire you, Mrs. JONES. The juiciest of mutton-chops: I could kiss you, Mrs. JONES!' and so on through any number of little jerking collections of words, which have as much claim to be considered sentences as a polypus has to be treated as a vertebrate animal.' How many sickening collections, of 'bald babble' in this kind have we not encountered, in the 'Round Tables' and the like, of this our day of soulless imitation! And what a great mistake is all this. There is not one reader in one hundred who cannot at once discern whether an expressed feeling is a *true* feeling, and who cannot distinguish between feigned and real enjoyment, as presented by a 'sham' or an honest portrayer of his deep, or fanciful, or playful emotions. - - - WE desire to say, 'and we say it boldly,' that in all musical matters there ought always to be the 'largest liberty.' Acting upon this broad catholic principle, we make place for *The Tin Horn*, or *Sounds near Home*, a parody, as we take it. 'There is no accounting for tastes;' and if our Rhode-Island correspondent likes the music thereof, he shall have a chance to 'exalt his horn' in these pages. Listen to the blast:

'Oh! blow again upon that new tin horn!
 Its weird, wild music takes away my breath:
 It lifts me to the place where I was born,
 When first I heard it, 'on my native heath.'
 With something of the feelings I had then,
 I hear it now, beyond the garden-gate:
 Its tintum-tantum clips my lagging pen:
 Oh! blow that bright new horn! I hate
 That doleful song, and noisy tongs;
 But your new-fangled notes are 'swate.'

'Oh! breathe again those trumpet-tones so fine!
 They rise like spectres from my shaggy hair:
 They send a warmth through this dull blood of mine,
 And hang above me, like the harp in air:
 My native slang cuts like a blunted dart,
 Far deeper than the gaudy peacock's scream;
 But your tin music vibrates to the heart,
 And floats around me—a mid-summer's dream
 By fairies wove, in shaded groves:
 When these I hear, 'I am not what I seem!'

There is music in a tin *dinner* horn! - - - It seems to us that there is *one* thing in this noble country of ours, which, 'boastful' though we may be, we cannot over-estimate, nor too highly value. Let us make a 'personal application' of this incontrovertible fact: For four or five years, we have been accustomed, in late winter, to look over the frozen Tappaan Sea, and mark the Hudson River railroad trains sweeping country-ward, bearing the early morning papers from town, or in the other direction, transporting passengers, 'as on the wings of the wind,' to our metropolis: between *us*, however, and all such accommodations, there was 'a great gulf fixed,' and frozen at that: *our* trips to town were made 'round the Horn,' as it was termed; west to the junction of the New-Jersey road, and then onward through Paterson, to the city!—a journey tedious, monotonous, and long. It was a pleasant thing, too, was n't it, to wait until eight o'clock in

the evening for your morning newspapers, after they had been read, and become stale, in Utica, Syracuse, Auburn and Rochester? Who could enjoy his murders, reading them in this way? Having looked on *that* picture, now look on *this*: Every morning finds us at our office-sanctum in town at as early an hour as we used to walk to it from our up-town residence: we have travelled upon the broad, level gauge, and in the capacious and luxurious cars of the *Northern Rail-Road of New-Jersey*, reading the morning journals on the way; passing through a charming and hitherto almost unknown section, just back of the Palisades, with its rich and gently-sloping farms and orchards, 'trending' to the westward, and the Ramapo Hills and Shawangunk mountains fading into the distant blue beyond. This is only one little road, and a short one: but look at its influence: it is 'THE PEOPLE'S road; and all along the line, where property is every day rising in value, and new buildings are suddenly springing to view, the inhabitants are beginning to feel and to appreciate it. There lies before us, too, a circular of the '*South-Shore Railroad of Long-Island*;' any body can see what *that* will be, by knowing how much it was needed. There will be no more inaccessibility to the numerous pleasant summer-resorts of the 'South-Side;' for the road is more than half-done already, and it 'pays as it goes.' These are 'little bits' of roads: but what do you think of a rail-road *twelve hundred miles long*? — for that will really be the length of *one continuous* road, when the '*Atlantic and Great Western Road*' is completed, for which the funds are already provided, and the work going on under the able direction of T. W. KENNARD, Esq., Engineer of the 'Crumlin Valley (Eng.) Viaduct,' elsewhere mentioned. And we are told:

'This road connecting with the New-York and Erie at Little Valley, in the State of New-York, crosses the north-western corner of Pennsylvania, passes in a south-westerly direction through the centre of Ohio to Dayton. From thence to Cincinnati is a road already completed and in full operation. From Cincinnati to St. Louis, in a direct line between the two cities, lies the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, finished and equipped on the broad gauge, and one of the noblest works in all the West. When the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad shall be finished, the New-York and Erie, with its connections, will form the only uninterrupted communication between New-York and Cincinnati, on the Ohio, and St. Louis, on the Mississippi! It passes through the centre of the richest agricultural State of the Union; a State that furnishes to the Eastern markets one hundred and twenty thousand head of cattle, twice that number of swine, and some forty thousand sheep annually. The 'Atlantic and Great Western' may be regarded as a part of the New-York and Erie, and with the connections beyond, will at once *carry it forward as one road, twelve hundred miles!* Between these great centres of trade in New-York, in Pennsylvania, in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, it is already reaching out its lateral arms in every direction. When this link shall be completed, the New-York and Erie with its tributaries will be the great thoroughfare, along which the countless millions of Eastern and Western-bound traffic will always move.'

Is there any *other* such road 'on the face of the globéd airth?' We suspect not, 'by considerable.' - - - THERE is a very striking passage in CARLYLE's '*Sartor Resartus*,' which illustrates the feeling with which many a be-

holder has looked down from some elevated height upon a vast metropolis: 'Towns and cities I failed not to look upon with interest. How beautiful to see thereby, as through a long vista, into the remote time; to have, as it were, an actual section of the early past brought safe into the present, and set before your eyes! There in that old city was a live ember of culinary fire put down, when it was in its very infancy; and there, burning more or less triumphantly, with such fuel as the region yielded, it has burnt and still burns, and thou thyself seest the very smoke thereof. Ah! and the more mysterious *live ember of vital fire* was then also put down there, and still miraculously burns and spreads; and the smoke and ashes thereof in judgment-halls and church-yards, and its bellows-engines in churches, thou still seest; and its flame looking out from every kind countenance and every hateful one, still warms or scorches thee.' 'Compressed thought.' - - - VERY 'colored pusson'-ish is the subjoined, from a metropolitan correspondent: 'An item for your 'Gossip,' which is simple fact: we have a colored waiter in our boarding-house who, in the elements of laziness, good-nature, and fondness for big words, is a genuine 'nigger' all over, even to the outermost kink of his close-cropped wool. Touching the first-named characteristic, I may say that he has frequently been known to retire to bed at an early hour in the afternoon, and once he was found leaning against the closet-door, fast asleep! But to the point: we have a 'porchico' to our door, and in thawing times the melted snow on the top thereof drips down upon the steps below, much to the discomfort of those passing in and out. One day a lady-boarder coming in, said to SYDNEY, the waiter aforesaid: 'Can't you contrive, in some way, to shovel off this snow? The dripping is very unpleasant.' 'Well, I declare, Mrs. P——, I dunno,' replied SYDNEY: 'I should have to go through Mrs. C——'s room, and I am afraid it would n't be consistent. But,' after a moment's thought, 'I will consider how it can be *promulgated!*'" 'Rockland SAM' *'exploiterates'* like this! - - - It does n't *seem* to us many years ago when we dropped in one morning with the great portrait-painter, HENRY INMAN, upon Mr. C. L. ELLIOTT, at his studio, which was then at the corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, now DELMONICO'S: and as we were toiling up the different flights of stairs, (for ELLIOTT always *will* be on the 'first floor from the roof,' on account of the 'light' in which he views things professionally,) INMAN said, asthmatically, 'I must have that young gentleman give *me* a touch, I think: he is the most promising of all our portrait-painters, in my opinion.' Arrived in the studio, and after some pleasant chat, INMAN said: 'Mr. ELLIOTT, I should like to have you transfer *me* to canvas some day: I think you will experience little difficulty in the 'job,' he said, running his hand over his nobly prominent and intellectual features; 'you'll find the lineaments pretty *blocky!*' How well Mr. ELLIOTT has fulfilled Mr. INMAN'S prediction, and the 'rich promise of his spring,' all American readers well know. This little subsection of 'Gossipry' has been suggested to us by the following paragraph which we find in the New-York correspondence of the *Philadelphia Daily 'Press'*:

'HAPPENING in at ELLIOTT'S studio, (says the correspondent of the Philadelphia Press,) to observe the progress of his full-length portrait of Governor SEYMOUR, (for the Governor's room, in the City Hall,) I noticed two portraits upon which the art-


ist was placing the finishing touches, one of which is of a gentleman whose name is familiar to nearly every newspaper publisher in the country — JOHN G. LIGHTBODY, the extensive manufacturer of printer's ink. The picture is excellent, the likeness perfect; but excellent and perfect as it is, it is, in some respects, surpassed by a portrait of Mrs. LIGHTBODY, which, for softness of coloring and elaborateness and delicacy of finish, is, perhaps, the best lady portrait Mr. ELLIOTT has ever painted. The remark has frequently been made that Mr. ELLIOTT's style is too bold and rough to give the features of the gentler sex that softness and refinement of expression that are generally deemed essential. This picture conclusively puts that mistake at rest; and I venture the prediction that, when hung upon the walls of the National Academy of Design, as it will be at the next exhibition, it will be pronounced one of the most admirable pictures Mr. ELLIOTT has ever produced.'

Only well-deserved praise. - - - 'WAKE SNAKES!' and let us have a word or two to say of you for preservation in our literary jar. Ever since the time when, being a small lad in the country, we saw the *first Rattle-Snake*, we have felt a deep interest in the 'serpent after *his* kind,' and in all his varieties. Whether it arises from the part which *the* Serpent bore in the founding of our world, or whether it be owing to the intrinsic interest of the 'article' itself, certain it is that there is a strange attraction in the 'manners and customs' of the crawling reptiles. Three or four summers ago we saw at Lake George, a box labelled in a hand-writing that was not less laughable than the spelling: '*Cix livin Live Rat-tail Snaix! — fur won sent a site.*' And the 'site' called up the recollection of *our First Snake*. We had a relative ('W. G.') who had been to a neighboring village, in the one-horse wagon of the olden time, which always had a box in the body of the vehicle, and at its hinder end, in which to place bits of harness, a halter, small purchases, etc., when required. When he had reached home and had entered the house, he dispatched us to the 'horse-shed' where stood the horse and wagon, to bring in from 'the box' some article which he had forgotten to take out and bring in with him. We opened the lid, and lo! coiled up in the bottom of the box, lay a rattle-snake at least six feet long — a very monster! We remember to this very moment the touch of the slimy creature's cold-creeping flesh. It was well that the snake was dead, for otherwise the fright might have been fatal; and even as it was, for months afterward our nightly dreams were of being hotly pursued by rattle-snakes, and often did we awake, shivering in every limb, with terror at the thought that their venom was slowly making its way to the heart, and that in a little while we must lie down and die, from the influence of the subtle poison. Terrible! As HOOD says: 'we recollex it yit.' - - - We gather from a paragraph in the *London Times*, that 'the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief of the British army, has just issued an order which is virtually an abolition of the punishment of flogging heretofore so much practised in the service. The Duke's plan is ingenious, and really seems likely to accomplish the purpose, and put an end to flogging, except for aggravated offences, committed by incorrigible men.' Now we have little doubt that this result has been brought about through the overwhelming force of public opinion. That terrible infliction, under the eye of the tyrant Col. TALBOT, which the *Times* published, and we copied, and which the

metropolitan and provincial press, and the *People of England* took up, has been potently influential in producing this great and greatly-needed reform. This is distinctly stated by the *Times*. - - - WE have seen the 'Arkansas Traveller,' as depicted by the artist, Mr. E. P. WASHBOURNE, of Little Rock, Arkansas. The scene, as described in the 'text' of the story, which we recently quoted, is exceedingly well represented in the picture: save only, that the gentleman seeking lodgings, is too well mounted, and in too good condition, to elicit much commiseration, even if he should be compelled to 'go farther and fare worse.' We are glad to learn that the 'Arkansas Traveller' considers us as having 'done him a mighty justice,' and that he is 'entirely reconciled, and feels himself on good terms with us:' so much so, indeed, that he at once started a club of subscribers to the KNICKERBOCKER. Good! - - - MORE truly than of any other American orator and scholar, may it be said of EDWARD EVERETT, that he 'touches nothing which he does not ornament.' How beautiful, for example, are the few words in which he alluded to the terrible calamity at Lawrence, before commencing his address upon FRANKLIN, on the recent anniversary of the philosopher, statesman, and patriot:

'It is our duty to cherish a sentiment of devout thankfulness to the gracious Providence, by which limits were placed to the work of destruction, and hundreds were snatched from the very jaws of death. Nor can we fail to take a melancholy pleasure in reflecting that the indescribable horrors of the scene were relieved by displays of Christian resignation and saint-like heroism, in the humbler walks of life, not to be surpassed in the history of our race. The poor child who, cheerful and unselfish, refused to be rescued till Mr. NASH was saved, and who was crushed before her turn came — the little girl who, when she perceived that her own escape was impossible, held out her due-bill to her more fortunate companion, amidst the scorching flames, saying, 'You will be saved — I shall not; carry this to my poor father' — needed no further preparation for the company of the angels, to which, like the prophet of old, they were caught in a chariot of fire.'

A most felicitous illustration. - - - AN agent of ours at the South, who is disposing of Town, County and 'State's Rights,' for the use of our 'Patent Back-action, self-operating Hen-Persuader,' send us a paragraph from the '*Scientific American*,' describing an invention for *Picking Geese by Machinery*, which not only plucks the feathers, but separates the long ones from the short ones, while passing through the machine, and easily 'accomplishing' forty geese an hour.' 'Did not *you*, when you gave me my papers, mention something like this as having been invented by *yourself*?' We should rather think we *did*. If other 'parties in interest' think differently, they will find their mistake, upon consulting the later records of the Patent-Office at Washington. 'Better be careful!' - - - WE deeply regret to hear, by late California journals, of the death of THOMAS S. OFFICER, an artist well known in this metropolis. He was a miniature-painter, of exceeding delicacy of touch, and as a colorist, much admired. He visited Australia, where he was successful in his profession, whence he sailed for San Francisco, where he was pursuing portrait-painting in oils, with abundant patronage, when a sudden illness closed his earthly career. He was a warm-hearted, genial man, possessed of personal quali-

ties which make his friends cherish his memory, and 'sorrow that they shall see his face no more.' - - - 'HAVE we a *Punch*' among us?' We do not hesitate to say that we *have*, or something quite as good, quite as witty, quite as well illustrated and printed, in '*Vanity Fair*,' published by FRANK J. THOMPSON, at number 113 Nassau-street. It is altogether the best specimen of a humorous illustrated journal that has ever been produced in America, or that *we* have seen. - - -  ALL communications for this Magazine, of whatever description, are hereafter to be addressed to 'L. GAYLORD CLARK, care of JOHN A. GRAY, Publisher and Proprietor of the KNICKERBOCKER, Nos. 16 and 18 Jacob Street, New-York.' - - - THE third number of the '*Reminiscences of the late Washington Irving*' will appear in our next, with added interest, let us hope, from expected but unavoidably delayed *matériel*.

Brief Notices of New Publications.

'THE FAMILY TREASURY OF SABBATH-READING.'—We have derived pleasure and much valuable instruction from the perusal of six successive numbers of a periodical published in London, and obtainable in New-York, entitled '*The Family Treasury of Sabbath Reading*.' It is an exceedingly handsome, convenient-sized quarto, in leaded double columns, of a clear type, beautifully printed upon *English* paper. Its attractive externals at once arrest the eye, and will serve to assist in securing for it a place upon many an American parlor-table. 'The Family Treasury' is issued monthly, under the editorial supervision of Rev. ANDREW CAMERON, formerly editor of '*The Christian Treasury*,' a periodical of wide dissemination in England: who brings to his task a thorough knowledge of what is required in such a work: the contents being very various, and so methodically, we might almost say *artistically* arranged, as at once to invite the reader's attention to the separate divisions. Each number leads off with 'Practical and Devotional Papers: ' then ensue, 'Hours with Living Preachers and Continental Divines; ' 'The Biblical Treasury; ' Home-Lessons for the Lord's Day; ' 'The Children's Treasury; ' 'Biography; ' 'The Treasury Pulpit; ' 'Treasury of Narratives and Incidents; ' 'Poetry; ' 'Treasury for Sunday-School Teachers; ' etc. etc. Here, it will be seen, is abundant variety: not old, dry, re-hashed material from ancient books, but '*live* matter,' of the best tendency, well calculated, we think, to supply an acknowledged desideratum in Sunday-reading in many a religious household. Published in London, Edinburgh, and New-York: THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, 131 Nassau-street. If any persons should be desirous to receive the above work, by clubbing with the KNICKERBOCKER, both publications may be obtained for four dollars a year.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.—We have received two or three numbers of a corpulent monthly periodical, entitled '*Macmillan's Magazine*,' published simultaneously at Cambridge, England and London. It promises to prove a valuable acquisition to the current literature of Britain. TENNYSON, 'at an enormous figure,' has written for its pages one of his most characteristic poems: while 'Tom Brown at Oxford,' by the author of 'School-Days at Rugby,' is exactly what a magazine-narrative should be: lively, full of incident, and dramatically-disposed 'situations.' 'WILLIAM COBBETT, a Rural Ride,' is a 'joint-composition' poem, which perpetuates many of the rough peculiarities of the 'Hampshire Farmer.' His was a long life of pugnacity. His attacks were always personal, his views always one-sided. It was his constant business to point out fallacies, and to make his

opponents ridiculous. He libelled in turn, with all the vigor of personal animosity, the Jews, the Methodists, the Quakers, and the new school of agriculturists, whom he called 'bull-frog farmers.' After his residence in this country, his abuse of 'the Yankees' was incessant: 'he had a hearty dislike of political economists, and *'feel-anthropists,'* as he called them; and at one period of his life, he professed to dislike walking through the streets on Saturdays, because he was annoyed by 'the Jews blaspheming in their synagogues!' His style of 'argument' was almost always the categorical; piling question upon question, without waiting for, or at least without heeding, any reply: a peculiarity well hit off by HORACE SMITH, in the Rejected Addresses:

'Who burnt (confound his soul!) the houses twain
Of Covent-Garden and of Drury-Lane?
Who, while the British squadron lay off Cork,
(God bless the Regent and the Duke of York!)
With a foul earthquake ravaged the Caraccas,
And raised the price of dry-goods and tobaccos?
Who makes the quartern loaf and Luddites rise?
Who fills the butchers' shops with large blue flies?'

The '*Colloquy of the Round Table*,' in the number before us, is a very indifferent imitation of the old '*Noctes Ambrosianæ*' of Blackwood. It would be greatly improved, if the profuse specimens of the Scottish dialect were even more unintelligible than they are, if indeed that were possible.

'GIFTS OF GENIUS: A MISCELLANY OF PROSE AND POETRY, BY AMERICAN AUTHORS.'—We cordially and earnestly entreat the patronage of our readers for this meritorious and beautiful book. It is privately printed, and its history is peculiar: Its proprietor, Miss DAVENPORT, was a school-teacher, when the loss of sight deprived her of that means of support. The case appears to have excited the peculiar sympathy of authors. Thirty-five, including many of the best known writers of the country, have contributed poems or sketches to this picnic volume, which thus becomes a valuable literary property to the owner. Mr. BRYANT writes a brief preface, and contributes a sonnet from the Portuguese; OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, BAYARD TAYLOR, WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER, W. H. BURLEIGH, the Rev. E. A. WASHBURN, MRS. MARSH, GEORGE P. MORRIS, MRS. SIGOURNEY, MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, T. B. ALDRICH, THOMAS BUCHANAN READ, furnish original poems; there are poetical translations by LONGFELLOW, GEORGE P. MARSH, and MRS. ELLET; the Rev. CHARLES T. BROOKS and THEODORE PARKER, JOHN ESTEN COOKE, CAROLINE CHESEBRO, GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, contribute tales; there are essays and sketches by H. T. TUCKERMAN, GEORGE S. HILLARD, C. A. BARTOL, EVERT A. DUYCKINCK, the Rev. ROSWELL D. HITCHCOCK, ('Recollections of Neander,') the Rev. Dr. BELLOWES, ROBERT TOMES ('A Night and Day at Valparaiso,') EDWARD S. GOULD, the Rev. ORVILLE DEWEY, the Rev. Dr. OSGOOD, FRANCIS WILLIAMS, MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND—altogether a very notable collection. The book, we may mention, may be obtained of Mr. RANDOLPH, the book-seller, corner of Broadway and Fourth-street, in this city, who, in aid of its charitable intention, charges no commission to the beneficiary. It is very handsomely printed from the press of TINSON.

CAPTAIN M'CLINTOCK'S ARCTIC NARRATIVE.—MESSRS. TICKNOR AND FIELDS, Boston, have performed an acceptable service to American readers, in reproducing, with all the original illustrations of the London edition, Captain M'CLINTOCK'S '*Narrative of the Discovery of the Fate of Sir John Franklin and his Companions.*' This simple journal, eloquent in daily-recorded facts, jotted down without the slightest ostentation, does high honor to its gallant author. When it was penned amidst the Arctic ices, he had no idea whatever of publishing it: we are glad, however, that his modest reluctance to have it printed was finally overcome, in deference to the wishes of the friends of the illustrious Sir JOHN FRANKLIN. The accounts in detail, accompanied by numerous engravings, which appeared in the English and American illustrated newspapers, of Captain M'CLINTOCK'S adventures and discoveries, are too recent to require a farther reference to the contents of the volume before us.

'HISTORY OF INK.'—A very beautiful little book, exquisitely illustrated by vari-colored ornamental printing, eminent autographs, etc. The work is full and complete upon its dark theme. In the fullest sense and widest scope of the term, it is a '*History of Ink*,' including its etymology, its chemistry, and 'all that can be suggested and justified by the title, or fairly demanded under it, or claimed for it.' If the writer of an elaborate and in portions eloquent article in 'MACMILLAN'S Magazine,' upon '*Paper, Pen and Ink*,' had had this volume before him when he wrote, he would scarcely have treated the 'Ink' division of his subject with so little research, and with so much brevity. These thoughts, however, from the article referred to, are marked by equal force and beauty:

'WHATEVER the material quality of Ink may be, how little this strikes us when our hearts are stirred, and the words we have written stand before us, no longer thoughts which we can recall, but each a spirit-child with an independent life of its own, proclaiming, 'What is written, remains.' The functions of the paper and pen in producing this result are forgotten. We feel as if we directly thought out the words we see. The ink in which they stand is not charcoal, or galls and iron, but the very anger, or sorrow, or gladness we felt, fixed on the paper forever. Think of a queen's first signature of a death-warrant, where tears tried to blanch the fatal blackness of the dooming ink! Of a traitor's adhesion to a deed of rebellion, written in gall: of a forger's trembling imitation of another's writing, where each letter took the shape of the gallows: of a lover's passionate proposal written in fire: of a proud girl's refusal written in ice: of a mother's dying expostulation with a wayward son written in her heart's blood: of an indignant father's disinheriting curse on his first-born, black with the lost color of the gray hairs which shall go down in sorrow to the grave: think of these, and of all the other impassioned writings to which every hour gives birth, and what a strangely potent, Protean thing, a drop of ink grows to be! All over the world it is distilling at the behest of men. Here a despairing prisoner is writing with a rusty nail his dying confession of faith on his damp dungeon-wall. There an anxious lover is deceiving all but his bride, with an ink which only she knows how to render visible. Beleaguered soldiers in Indian forts are confiding to the perilous secrecy of rice water or innocent milk their own lives and the fortunes of their country. Ship-wrecked sailors, about to be engulfed in mid-ocean, are consigning to a floating bottle the faint pencil-memorandum of the spot where they will swiftly go down into the jaws of Death.'

The '*History of Ink*' is from the press of THADDEUS DAVIS AND COMPANY, Manufacturing Stationers, Numbers 127 and 129 William-street.

POEMS BY THE AUTHOR OF '*JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN*.'—Several months since we published in the '*EDITOR'S TABLE*' an exquisitely tender and beautiful poem, entitled '*Philip my King*,' wondering greatly at the time who could have written it, and calling upon our readers and correspondents to enlighten us thereanent. On opening the volume above-named, '*PHILIP my King*' was the first poem that met our eye: and well does it deserve the place of honor; for, to our mind, it is 'out and out' the best poem in the book. Miss MULOCH, to say the truth plainly, is not much of a poetess: she is in the 'tertiary' class, geologically speaking. We doubt if these 'Poems' would have been given to the public, had not the author achieved deserved celebrity by her prose writings; by '*JOHN HALIFAX, Gentleman*,' especially one of the very best narratives which has been produced by any female writer of our time. 'The fault of Miss MULOCH's verses is, that they are chiefly *surface* writing; as if the lady had produced them merely as task-work, and not in that spontaneous outpouring of the heart, which *must* breathe its thoughts in the melodious utterance of Song.' TICKNOR AND FIELDS, Boston.

POEMS BY HENRY TIMROD.—The South may put forth her claims for another true poet, in the person of the young author of a volume of poems which *was* 'before us,' with several passages marked for insertion; two or three of which we pointed out to a dark-eyed lady friend in the cars to town the other morning, and that was the last we saw of the book! As it was left on some counter in Broadway, in the course of a shopping excursion, let us hope that some body will have the pleasure of its gratuitous perusal. The last brief lines in the volume, very melodious and solemn, we quoted in our 'Gossipry' some months since, asking, at the time, that we might be favored with the name of the

author. Mr. TIMROD's verse is worthy of a wide audience among the lovers of poetry, and forms a welcome offering to the common literature of the country. The author, whose name promises to be better known from this specimen of his powers, betrays a genuine poetic instinct in the selection of his themes, and has treated them with a lively and delicate fancy, and a graceful beauty of expression. In some cases, the influence of favorite models may be detected, but, as a whole, the poems are evidently founded on a true inward experience, and are no less original in feeling than in illustration.

'THE SCALPEL.'—We have before us all the bound volumes of this spicy and *very* saucy Medical and Literary Journal, and are surprised at the amount and variety of matter which it contains. Broad fun, lively humor, biting satire; tale, narrative, criticism; these alternate with out-spoken remarks upon 'professional practice and practitioners,' which must have 'bitten' when they appeared. Still the SCALPEL scalps on. Dr. DIXON, who is the personal image of LOUIS NAPOLEON, seems determined to imitate him in more ways than one.

'ANNUAL OF SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.'—MESSRS. GOULD, KENDALL AND LINCOLN have published the 'Annual of Scientific Discovery,' a year-book of Facts in Science and Art for 1860. The work is made up of extracts from newspapers and scientific journals, and forms a very readable compend of what has been done or thought on these matters during the year 1859. Some of the articles are elaborate and interesting, others are of necessity fragmentary and incomplete. The book will be a welcome addition to the library, both for present reading and future reference. It is well printed.

New Music.

MESSRS. SEYMOUR AND COMPANY, Nassau-street, New-York, have followed up the success of their 'Musical Friend' by the issue of the 'Solo Melodist,' a collection of Marches, Waltzes, etc., for flute or violin: issued weekly. This work supplies a want long felt, and as it is got up in the same excellent style as their other serial, they will probably have a large demand for it.

MESSRS. FIRTH, POND AND COMPANY, 547 Broadway, New-York, have issued '*Danse Rustique*,' by WILLIAM MASON, a caprice distinguished by the grace and brilliancy belonging to all the productions of this writer. We have heard this styled his best work. It is not very difficult, and will well repay the study needed for its thorough interpretation. '*Ella Leené*,' song and chorus, by F. BUCKLEY: an easy song. '*Ferrero's new Danish Dance*,' by C. ELBEL. '*I Would that I were Beautiful*,' a ballad by WALDO ALLEN. '*Idol of my Heart*,' by A. W. BERG: a pleasant tenor song. '*None shall Weep a Tear for Me*,' a song by S. C. FOSTER. The melody of this is as natural and flowing as most of FOSTER's melodies are, and the accompaniment is as simple as he always makes them. '*The Wife*,' also by FOSTER, is simple but inexpressive. '*Maggie, the Pride of the Vale*,' by F. BUCKLEY, as sung by BUCKLEY's Serenaders. '*La Belle Florinde*,' Polka Brillante, par THEODORE MOELLING; '*Charivari*,' a collection of new dances, by HELMSMULLER; '*Welsh Air*,' by S. B. MILLS, brilliant variations, on a simple, well-known theme: an excellent parlor piece. '*Poor Drooping Maiden*,' by S. C. FOSTER. The melody is much more artistic than the words. '*Reminiscences of Les Vepres Siciliennes*,' arranged for piano, by A. W. BERG. '*Fantasia on the Melodies Star of the Evening and Willie we have Missed You*,' by W. V. WALLACE.

MESSRS. WILLIAM HALL AND SON, 543 Broadway, New-York, have issued '*Fantasia de Salon*,' pour le piano, on melodies from WAGNER's opera of 'Rienzi,' by W. V. WALLACE. '*Voice of the Western Wind*,' by J. R. THOMAS, an effective alto or baritone song. '*At that Hour of Calm*,' barcarolle, by FOLEY HALL. '*The Fair Augusta Schottisch*,' by J. M. ABBOT, embellished with a fine portrait of Dr. KANE, and sundry arctic accessories. '*The Bell-Ringer*,' a ballad by W. V. WALLACE: a beautiful song for baritone voice.